

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 143

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

AFRICA: CONTINENT IN CRISIS

BERNARD BRAINE

THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT

PETER BAILEY

EGYPT UNDER NASSER. II.

JOHN POELS

SOLVING THE SAAR PROBLEM

REGINALD COLBY

SANCTITY AND SIXTH SENSE

HON. JOHN GRIGG

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, ERIC
GILLET, MICHAEL MACLAGAN, DUDLEY CAREW, FRED
URQUHART, DIANA SPEARMAN, AND ALEC ROBERTSON

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Africa:

The Y

Egypt

Solving

The S

Fifty

Books

M

S

B

N

N

E

Back

Recor

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

CONTENTS

NOVEMBER, 1954

Episodes of the Month. <i>The Editor</i> ...	325
Africa: Continent in Crisis. <i>Bernard Braine</i> ...	335
The Young Conservative Movement. <i>Peter Bailey</i> ...	339
Egypt Under Nasser. II. <i>John Poels</i> ...	344
Solving the Saar Problem. <i>Reginald Colby</i> ...	348
The Strange Case of the Vanishing Fields. <i>Denys Smith</i> ...	354
Fifty Years Ago ...	358
Books New and Old:	
Melbourne to Madeira. <i>Eric Gillett</i> ...	359
Sanctity and the Sixth Sense. <i>The Hon. John Grigg</i> ...	364
Burgesses in Retrospect. <i>Michael MacLagan</i> ...	372
Not So Dumb. <i>Dudley Carew</i> ...	374
Novels. <i>Fred Urquhart</i> ...	375
Books in Brief. <i>E. G.</i> ...	378
Background to the Washington Meetings. <i>Diana Spearman</i> ...	379
Record Review. <i>Alec Robertson</i> ...	381

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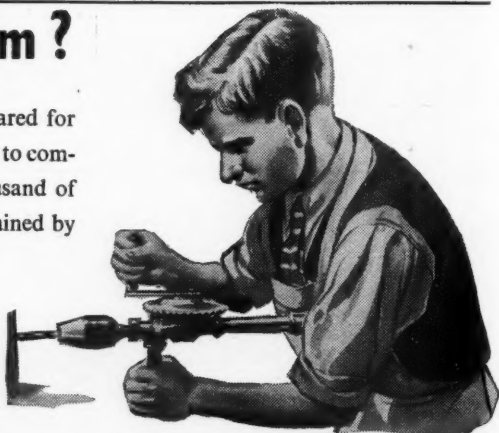
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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

BERNARD BRAINE, M.P. (Cons.) for Billericay since 1950. Hon. Secretary of Conservative Parliamentary Committee on Commonwealth Affairs. In August of this year attended meeting of Commonwealth Parliamentary Association in Nairobi and was member of U.K. delegation which presented a Mace to the Parliament of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

PETER BAILEY: National Chairman of the Young Conservatives, 1953-4. Has contested Clay Cross, Broxtowe and Kettering as a Conservative.

JOHN POELS: Lincoln College, Oxford. Barrister. Author of *Without Let or Hindrance*. Has been visiting Egypt as representative of *The National and English Review*.

REGINALD COLBY: Journalist and broadcaster. Served in the Intelligence Corps during the War, and afterwards in the Control Commission for Germany. Author of *Berlin under Four Flags*. Has visited the Saar twice this year.

DENYS SMITH: Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in Washington.

ERIC GILLET: Literary Editor of *The National and English Review*.

HON. JOHN GRIGG: Associate Editor of *The National and English Review*.

MICHAEL MACLAGAN, F.S.A.: Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Senior Proctor of the University, 1954. Secretary of Oxford University Graduates Conservatives Association since its foundation in 1939.

DUDLEY CAREW: Novelist, film critic and cricket correspondent. Author of *The House is Gone*, *The Puppets' Part*, etc.

FRED URQUHART: Author of many books, including *Jezebel's Dust* and *The Last Sister*. Won the Tom-Gallon Trust Award for 1952-3.

DIANA SPEARMAN: Works in the Conservative Research Department, Economic Section. Stood for Poplar in 1935 and Central Hull in 1945. Wrote in 1939 a book entitled *Modern Dictatorship*.

ALEC ROBERTSON: Writer, critic and broadcaster. Author of books on Dvořák, Sacred Music, Plainchant, etc.

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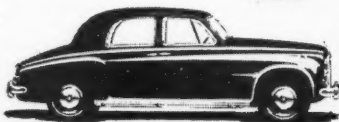
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MORE THAN 30 BRANCHES

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL is still Prime Minister of Great Britain. He has carried out a major reconstruction of his Government, but has made no change in his own position.

M. Mendès-France is still Prime Minister of France, and has won a provisional vote of confidence in the National Assembly, at the end of a debate on the London Agreement.

Mr. Attlee is still leader of the Labour Party, in fact as well as in name. Unexpectedly, and by a very narrow margin, his policy on West German rearmament prevailed at the Scarborough Conference.

Sir Anthony Eden, K.G.

THE Foreign Secretary has yet to move across the street, but meanwhile the Queen has honoured him with England's oldest and most romantic decoration. Until recently Lord Melbourne's much-quoted aphorism about the Garter ("no damned merit in it") was too nearly true to be altogether funny, but now that Churchill and Eden have joined the Order it can be regarded with that reverence which one would naturally expect to be its due. If these precedents are followed, and if the new standard of membership is maintained, the Garter may become the most coveted form of recognition, not only in this country, but throughout the Commonwealth, and will not merely be a bauble bestowed upon courtly noblemen and foreign royalties.

Eden has certainly deserved the highest recognition. His work, especially during the past year, has been of outstanding value and has contributed very markedly to an easing of world tension. This does not mean that the danger of war has ceased to be very serious; no one knows better than Eden how precarious is the balance of power, how imperative the need for strength and vigilance. But at least there is now some sign that the world's major Powers are being guided by their interests as well as by their passions. Diplomacy has reappeared upon the scene and is competing, at times successfully, with the modern practice of mutual abuse and ideological tub-thumping.

As we go to press further agreement has been reached in Paris about the new set-up for Western Europe. In particular M. Mendès-France

and Dr. Adenauer have come to terms about the Saar, which for a time threatened to be a major stumbling-block. (One of our contributors this month has described the background to the problem, which is now much nearer to solution than when the article was written.)

Enthusiasm at Blackpool

APPRECIATION of Eden's efforts took a rapturous form on the first day of the Tory Party Conference at Blackpool. Not only was he given a personal reception which can have left him in no doubt of his immense popularity with the rank and file, but his policy (and this is perhaps more important from an historic point of view) was endorsed with virtual unanimity. When it is remembered that this policy includes the pledge to keep four divisions and the Tactical Air Force on the continent of Europe for the next forty-four years, the full significance of the Blackpool demonstration becomes apparent.

It cannot, however, be said that the debate on foreign affairs which preceded the Foreign Secretary's speech was representative of all the shades of opinion which were to be found among his audience. Only a part of the first morning was devoted to a subject which concerns our life or death, as individuals and as a nation. This cannot be right. At least a whole morning, if not a whole day, should have been given to foreign affairs, and hostile critics should have had no excuse for saying (as they all in fact did say) that the Tories are content to leave their fate, unquestioningly and unthinkingly, in the hands of their leaders. There is no lack of independent thought in the Tory Party, but the present organization of the Conference is such that there is no time for adequate, reasoned discussion.

Conference Too Short

IT is quite clear that two and a half days are insufficient for any Party Conference which is to be worthy of the name. The Labour Party is not only less united, it is also less vital than the Conservative Party at the present time; yet the Scarborough gathering seemed more alive and purposeful than that at Blackpool, simply because it lasted twice as long and gave scope for the full discussion of outstanding issues.

What are the reasons for this invidious contrast? Why should the Tories give only half as much time as the Socialists to their annual meeting? The answer most often put forward is that, whereas Labour Party delegates are for the most part supported, directly or indirectly, by trade union funds, representatives at the Tory Party Conference have to be maintained by their local associations. Many loyal workers for the cause, who rightly or wrongly feel that they cannot attend the Conference themselves, are naturally somewhat reluctant to send seven of their fellow-workers on what they consider to be a seaside jaunt. Of course this is a mistaken view of the Conference, but it is undoubtedly widespread and it is likely to prevail unless and until the party leaders can give the Conference a more business-like appearance and a more serious emphasis.

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Valuable Outlet

IN defence of the existing system some of the leaders might say that extra time for the Conference would be time wasted, because most of the speeches "from the floor" are, and would always be, of inferior quality. This is true enough, but it is hardly less true of many speeches which are made in the House of Commons. Politicians do not always talk sense, and they should certainly always be willing to listen to nonsense. Besides, they should remember that whereas the most practised oratory can sometimes conceal emptiness of mind and weakness of argument, the fumbling and apparently worthless efforts of untutored speakers may sometimes conceal useful opinions, based upon first-hand experience.

Of course the Party Conference must never become in any sense a rival to Parliament. It may have moral authority, but it must never have any constitutional authority. Its function is to provide an outlet for the ideas and feelings which are fermenting in the Party, and to bring the leaders into close contact with the rank and file.

Television: Another Point Gained

HAVING stressed the disadvantage to the Party of a Conference so short that it seemed to many commentators to be more like a rally, or an act of worship, than a political free-for-all, it is pleasant to record one aspect of it in which the organizers unquestionably scored a major triumph. Whatever bad impressions the public may have sustained from reading sarcastic articles and reports in the newspapers, they cannot have failed to be favourably impressed by the glimpses of the Conference which they obtained on television. The Labour Party had refused to allow the proceedings at Scarborough to be televised, so the Conservatives had the benefit of free publicity with no competition from the other side. They made the best of their opportunity, the Prime Minister in particular appearing, in the selected extracts from his speech, even more effectively as a television star than as a sound broadcaster. In his great war speeches he had to rely on his voice alone to convey his message and his inspiration (except when addressing the limited audience of the House of Commons, or on the rare occasions when he made a speech which could be filmed). At Blackpool the television camera was able to capture for millions the full force of his personality—his distinctive gestures, the charm and variety of his expression, the nobility of his bearing. No one who saw it will easily forget the final close-up of him singing the National Anthem, with all the strength of his octogenarian lungs and with tears shining in his eyes.

Butler's Speech

THIS may well have been Sir Winston's swan-song to the Party Conference. If there is to be an Election next year and if, as is generally assumed, the Prime Minister hands over to his successor before that event,

it seems unlikely that he will address the Conference again, except perhaps in the capacity of an Elder Statesman. The thoughts of many, inside and outside the Government, are therefore preoccupied with the future. Eden is the heir apparent, but there is at least one other man whose claims to the leadership are strongly pressed.

That man is Mr. R. A. Butler, whose speech at the Conference was accordingly listened to with more than usual interest. It was a very remarkable speech. As a rule Mr. Butler is clear and persuasive, but lacking in human appeal. In spite of the stilted perorations which he has felt it his duty to make, often to the embarrassment of his hearers, he has given the impression of being what Mr. Bevan would call a "desiccated calculating machine." But at Blackpool this year he made a fighting speech, in which he seemed to be asserting not only Britain's right to be economically independent but also his own right to lead the Conservative Party. It is no exaggeration to say that he electrified the Conference.

"More Express than the *Daily Express*"

AT one moment he was describing how he had spoken to the American Government "in words of one syllable"; at another he was recalling, in a quiet but very audible parenthesis, his own great part in the evolution of Conservative policy. There was also a striking passage in which he announced that he was going to be "more royalist than the King, more express than the *Daily Express*." He proceeded to quote from an editorial in that newspaper and added, amid laughter, that he could not have put the point in question better himself.

His tone of voice at this juncture was ironical and mocking, but tones of voice do not appear in print. Whereas to his immediate audience he had clearly been making fun of the *Daily Express*, to the latter's four million readers it appeared next day that he had been endorsing the paper's policy and paying it a serious compliment. This was all the more interesting, because, by a curious coincidence, the *Daily Express* has for some time been conspicuous in its hostility to Sir Anthony Eden.

Next on the List

MR. BUTLER confirmed himself at Blackpool as the favourite of a substantial section of the Party, and even with those who have not hitherto been enthusiastic about him he established himself as next in line to Sir Anthony Eden. Even those who cannot warm to him as an individual are now obliged to admit that he will almost certainly lead the Conservative Party some day.

It is to be hoped that he will have the patience to wait for that day, and that he will be content to serve under Eden, if necessary for quite a long time. Any suspicion of rivalry among party leaders is extremely demoralizing to the rank and file, and although invidious comparisons may be made in the Press and elsewhere, the two principals should be

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

most careful not only to work in perfect harmony, but to be seen to work in perfect harmony.

Mr. Butler seems to have much in common with the late Mr. Mackenzie King. He is exceptionally shrewd and intelligent. His awareness of the social problem is very acute. His record in foreign affairs is not good. There is an aloofness about him which tends to make him more admired than loved. Mackenzie King had an intense fondness for power and he managed to keep it for many years. Will Mr. Butler be equally successful?

The Big Reshuffle

WHILE those who bother to think about the future are pondering such questions, Sir Winston Churchill has provided a cogent reminder that he is still the man in charge. Just before Parliament re-assembled he announced a large-scale reconstruction of his Government, which involved the departure (ostensibly at their own request) of three Cabinet Ministers—Lord Alexander of Tunis from the Ministry of Defence, Miss (now Dame) Florence Horsbrugh from the Ministry of Education, and Lord Simonds from the Woolsack. The new Lord Chancellor is Sir David Maxwell Fyfe (now Lord Kilmuir), who has been one of the most popular and hardest worked members of the Government. He will be sadly missed by his colleagues, and even by his opponents, in the House of Commons, and his elevation will cause one of the most difficult bye-elections that the Government has yet had to face. Since the last Election about two thousand new voters have moved into the West Derby division of Liverpool—a number in excess of Sir David's majority. The result will therefore depend not so much upon the Government's standing in the country (as the public at large will suppose) as upon the political affiliations of the two thousand new voters. If the Government can hold the seat, their victory will be even more significant than will appear on the surface. The Conservative candidate (who is excellent, by all accounts) deserves, and will need, the most energetic support.

Lloyd George and Macmillan

IN home affairs the Government's two most spectacular achievements have been the building of more than 300,000 houses a year and the de-rationing of food. It was therefore to be expected that the two Ministers responsible (Mr. Harold Macmillan and Mr. Gwilym Lloyd George) would be given early promotion. In the latter's case, indeed, this was an urgent necessity, because he had literally "worked himself out of a job."

He has now become Home Secretary and Minister for Welsh Affairs, and the appointment has been universally welcomed. The outgoing Minister did his very best for Wales, and his efforts were appreciated, but he had the disadvantage of not being a Welshman. Mr. Lloyd George is not only a member of the greatest Welsh dynasty since the Tudors, he

is also a man of excellent temper and judgment. By an odd quirk of Fate it was decreed that David Lloyd George, that passionate, wayward and Jacobinical genius, should produce a son who has all the attributes of an honest Tory squire. In addition, he has the qualities of a first-rate administrator.

Mr. Macmillan is the new Minister of Defence. This may mean that he will not, as was confidently rumoured, succeed Sir Anthony Eden at the Foreign Office. The best man for this post would in fact be Lord Salisbury, and if Eden were Prime Minister he could himself answer foreign affairs questions in the House of Commons, so that the objection to a Foreign Secretary in the Lords would virtually disappear. It would be a great pity to move Macmillan again before he has had time to enhance his reputation at the Ministry of Defence, and an even greater pity to deny the country the services of an outstanding Foreign Secretary, because of a bogus constitutional theory.

Eccles and Peake

TWO other features of the reshuffle which deserve special comment are the appointment of Sir David Eccles as Minister of Education and the admission to the Cabinet of Mr. Osbert Peake, the Minister of Pensions and National Insurance.

Sir David was a great success at the Ministry of Works and his name will always be associated with the Coronation arrangements, for which he was mainly responsible. He can also share with Mr. Macmillan some of the credit for the house-building programme. In his new office his imagination and forcefulness will be given wide scope, and his mind will quickly detect the flaws in our present educational system.

Mr. Peake is being brought into the forefront of politics by the Government's declared intention to raise all pensions (and probably also insurance contributions) during the coming session. He is quiet, lucid and painstaking, and is particularly well qualified to handle a subject which has been much obscured by cant and false emotion. At the Party Conference he replied with distinction to a debate in which the opening speaker had suggested that many pensioners were starving. The Minister does not attempt to answer such histrionics in kind, but his thoughtful words carry conviction.

The Strikes

PARLIAMENT was faced at its reassembly by the most serious week of strikes which Great Britain has experienced since the war. By the time the Minister of Labour rose to make his statement it was known that the busmen would go back, and he confined himself to restrained and tactful comment—an approach which the Opposition supported—on the worsening situation in the Docks. There the trouble began in London on September 20th when a dispute over the sorting of a cargo of

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

meat resulted in an unofficial stoppage of work. In early October the National Amalgamated Stevedores' and Dockers' Union decided to declare an official strike. They were presently joined by other dockers, members of the Transport and General Workers Union, who ceased work out of sympathy, but whose action is entirely unofficial and in defiance of the advice and wishes of their union.

The N.A.S.D.U. were making out of the meat dispute an occasion to strike in enforcement of their demand that discussions with the employers should take place on all outstanding questions. These had been held up since January last, because of a ban on overtime imposed by the Union in support of their claim that overtime should not be "compulsory," a contention of very doubtful substance according to the dockers' contract of service.

As we go to press the Port of London is idle. The men have rejected the Minister's appeal to return to work and await the unprejudiced findings of the Court of Inquiry which he has instituted. In defiance of the Transport and General Workers Union the stoppage has spread to Liverpool and Hull, where many members of this union have seceded to the N.A.S.D.U. Troops have not yet been used, presumably because it has been hoped from day to day that there might be a change of heart among the strikers. In retrospect, this may appear to have been unwarrantable wishful thinking.

The Consequences

THE very grave consequences of this standstill at the nation's ports need little emphasis. The danger to food supplies grows every day. For the moment we can live from hand to mouth on goods in store; but even if work resumes in time to prevent an actual current shortage of supplies of all kinds, the effects are bound to be felt later, since the ships delayed in port are those which should now be sailing to bring back goods for the peak period of demand at Christmas. Every day's delay loses us millions of pounds of valuable exports. A strike at the docks reacts directly upon the standard of living of everyone in these islands. A heavy moral responsibility rests upon its leaders, who are wilfully blinding their men to all sense of proportion as to the consequences of their action for themselves and for the nation at large.

The Reasons

SOME aspects of this affair call for special comment. In the first place it should be noted that this dispute has little or nothing to do with the familiar battle for wages and better conditions based on a complaint about the cost of living. Its origin is more complicated, involving a whole chapter of grievances, some of them barely explicit. This makes it harder to introduce the normal machinery of conciliation. But what has made conciliation almost impossible is the fact that the busmen have

been, and about half the dockers are, in revolt against one of the main parties to any conciliatory process, their own Transport and General Workers Union.

The T.G.W.U. is large and wealthy, and it enjoys able, responsible leadership. The fact that it has so strong a hold throughout the transport and allied services, and many other trades unconnected with transport, is said by experts in industrial relations to be a pronounced factor in the maintenance of orderliness and stability in negotiations and the settlement of disputes. But it has the defects of its virtues, which are common to many types of organization which grow very large. Some of its members firmly believe, and others are easily led by agitators to do so, that genuine grievances take unreasonably long to filter up to the top of the machine and back again. There is evidently truth in the charge often made that the leadership is out of touch with the rank and file. The Stevedores' Union has exploited this feeling to poach members from the T.G.W.U. during these strikes, and for some time previously. This is especially true of the port of Hull, whence reports suggest inadequate powers of leadership among local branch officers of the big union.

The Remedy

A SITUATION like this lays open a perfect field for the activities of trouble-makers and Communist agitators, many of whom are known to have been busy in pursuance of what is clearly a carefully laid plan of campaign, and from preconceived positions in which they can work in collaboration with one another, and between unions, to disrupt the whole organization of transport and supply. The question is what practical steps can be taken to frustrate the influence of these men, and to open the eyes of those whom they have made the unthinking tools of their purposes.

We believe that one helpful approach to this problem would be to give the whole of last month's sorry story the widest possible publicity by the appointment, by Parliament, of a Royal Commission to make a fact-finding study of the whole history of the recent strikes, including the part played by individuals and the course of action at meetings, formal and informal. At the moment these things go on too much in a corner. The Report of the Commission should be debated by Parliament, if possible on an all-party motion.

Above all, there must be less complacency, among politicians and among union leaders, concerning the labour situation in this country. Full employment is no infallible answer to minds which are ill-instructed and disaffected. There may be cordial relations in the stratosphere where Sir Walter Monckton and Mr. Deakin live, move and have their being; but relations are less cordial at ground level, where ignorance and petty jealousies are rife, and where Communism is always waiting to seize its chance. The present Government and Parliament have not yet measured up to the labour problem; perhaps they will now abandon the mood of Dr. Pangloss and get down to business.

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Dr. Malan Retires

DR. MALAN has resigned the leadership of the Nationalist Party and with it the Premiership of the Union of South Africa. Mr. Havenga, a much more moderate politician, has succeeded him. The change, however, will make no difference, for the new Premier is the prisoner of the Nationalist Party, which for the time being dominates South African politics. All that can be said is that he is unlikely to conduct himself with Dr. Malan's harsh acerbity and contempt of the opinions of others.

A Change Without a Difference

NOR is there any likelihood of African disturbances under Mr. Havenga's dispensation. Practically the only part of the Union where Africans are prone to violence in present conditions is Johannesburg. There is overwhelming force available for any emergency; but none is likely to arise, because the discontent is confined to detribalized and unemployed Africans miserably housed in the shanty suburbs, which constitute the only dwelling-place available to them. It does not extend to the mine workers, who are well satisfied with their pay and living conditions, as is shown by the fact that they are available as the mines require them in steadily increasing numbers. The mines, moreover, are not dependent on the African population of the Union itself. They can get all the labour they want from the British High Commission Territories and from Nyasaland and Tanganyika, as well as from the neighbouring Portuguese Territories and the Belgian Congo. In that respect the wealth of the Union is a magnet whose power of attraction radiates as widely as ever, despite Nationalist fulminations on the racial issue.

Christian Witness

THIS Review has been on record for more than fifty years in ardent opposition to the racial views of the Dutch Reformed Church and the Nationalist Party. But we do not consider that service is done to the cause of Christianity in Africa when one Christian Church is denounced by another. Consequently we would reverently beg our own Archbishop of Canterbury to refrain from magisterial admonition, from the remote security of Lambeth, of those with whom he disagrees, and to concentrate his great energies upon increasing the number of people who will stand for the Church of England's views in places where the arrows that fly by day and night are really dangerous. Positive witness by action and example can move mountains; remote witness by protest and oburgation merely raises extra prejudice and virulence against those striving to liberalize thought and overcome fear of a enlightened policy.

Another Book on Conservatism

THOSE who revel in the theory of politics should read *The Conservative Mind*, by Mr. Russell Kirk, which has recently been published in this country by Messrs. Faber and Faber (price 30s.).

Mr. Kirk is an American and the peculiar interest of his book is that it surveys the history of conservative thought in the United States as well as in Britain. Mr. Kirk's own mind is conservative almost to a fault; he clearly dislikes the modern world and yearns for a pastoral society. Rather sententiously he writes:

The memory of Burke and Disraeli seems to have enchanted Beaconsfield, and little has changed there: the good old houses of four centuries, the tidy half-timbered inn, the great oaks and the quiet lanes are as they were in Burke's day, though the villadom and new-housing-scheme expanses of London bite deep into Buckinghamshire, and light industry is invading the neighbouring towns. At Stoke Poges, only a few miles distant, a tremendous and hideous housing estate of unredeemed monotony, has shouldered right against Gray's country churchyard. But Beaconsfield Old Town is an island of ancient England in an industrial and proletarian sea of humanity.

Such maudlin nostalgia is worthy of an American tourist, but not of a political theorist living in the twentieth century.

What would Disraeli Say?

IF Disraeli were alive to-day and were shown the passage quoted above, he would surely be disgusted by the lack of realism which it betrays. Even Burke would be dissatisfied with a philosophy which refuses to accept change. No true Conservative can dismiss with contempt a whole vast section of the society of which he is a member. Those whom Mr. Kirk describes as "industrial and proletarian" are the majority of the British people; they are also individuals, like farmers and others who engage in more "traditional" pursuits, and they contribute immeasurably to the nation's wealth and well-being.

Conservatism is not a static or retrospective ideal; it is a complex of memories and principles, which can always guide and sometimes restrain, but should never atrophy, the progressive statesman. Aesthetically, there may be little to admire in the modern housing estate; but socially and politically it represents a great advance from the horrors which flourished behind the quaint and picturesque façade of Old England. Between those who march towards a false Utopia in the future, and those who set up an equally false Utopia in the past, there is very little to choose.

AFRICA: CONTINENT IN CRISIS

By BERNARD BRAINE

"**B**Y yielding to the clamour of the natives you British are selling out all over Africa." This is what a prominent Nationalist politician said to me in Pretoria. "The African must be given a chance, otherwise the European will have to leave Africa," says Sir Godfrey Huggins, wise architect and first Prime Minister of the new Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Who is right?

I discussed the question with Mr. E. A. Vasey, Kenya's able and energetic Minister of Finance and Development. "One must not be dogmatic," he said. "Africa is a vast laboratory in which experiments of enormous significance are being tried out—experiments in government, in economic and social development and above all in human relations. All we can say is that we in Kenya believe that our own experiment in multi-racial government is on the right lines."

Of one thing, however, we can be certain. Africa, the sleeping giant, is awake. From the north, where the fires of Arab nationalism are raging, to the far south where the guardians of white civilization brood uneasily over the future, from the tropical west coast where bold constitutional experiment may soon produce the first black Dominion, to the east where Mau Mau still threatens—all is in flux.

For this is the last of the great continents to be opened up. Perhaps that is why the world still knows so little and theorizes so much about it. It is said, for example, that Africa is possessed of fabulous riches. Riches there are, but only to be won by patient survey, by

heavy investment of European skill and equipment and by proper utilization of African labour. Woe betide those who believe that Africa can be swiftly or easily tamed. The desolate wastelands created by the Tanganyika government scheme are their memorial.

Illusions certainly abound. One fondly held by sentimentalists who know nothing of the vastness, variety and mystery of Africa, is that its still largely primitive population can be made ready almost overnight for democracy on the British model. Such a view is based upon ignorance of the conditions under which the vast majority of Africans live, their present limitations, and the appalling danger to primitive minds—still in the grip of superstition—of moving too fast.

But what can be said of the far more dangerous illusion, held by many who ought to know Africa, since they live there, but like the ostrich have their heads buried in the sand—namely, that the centuries cannot be telescoped, that the black man is inherently and permanently inferior, and that where the white man lives and rules to-day there must be no question of sharing control either now or in the future? Only this can be said: between the sentimentalists and the ostriches death and damnation will be brought alike to the white man's civilization and the black man's aspirations.

The truth is that most of Africa outside the Union is still desperately poor. The West African cocoa farmer, the Indian business man in Kenya, the sisal planter in Tanganyika, the white copper miner in Northern Rhodesia,

fare well enough but merely represent little islands of prosperity in one vast sea of poverty.

For this there are many reasons. Communications have always been poor, water resources badly distributed, disease rampant. Over vast areas the deadly tsetse fly still holds sway. This, combined with the great belt of rain forest south of the Sahara, has effectively cut off the great mass of African peoples from contact with the higher cultures which from time to time have obtained in the north.

Moreover, a tropical environment conspires against change. In the past food and shelter never presented to the African the problem presented to other races who found themselves at the dawn of history in more rigorous climes, where weather was always uncertain, contrast between summer and winter sharp, and survival dependent upon inventiveness as well as cunning.

Is it so very surprising, then, that one can search Africa from end to end and, except where European or Arab influence has penetrated (along the west coast for example) find no evidence of past civilization, no buildings of stone, no literature? Or that there are men still living who in their youth could not conceive that the spoken word could be written down, or that there were such simple aids to living as a wheel or a plough, a spade or a loom?

Before the advent of the white man, war and massacre, disease and famine kept everything in balance. Tribal society was static, population sparse and the country vast. Primitive methods of agriculture—burning a clearing in the forest, sowing a crop or two and then moving on—did little harm to the soil. Pastoral peoples raising cattle, not for meat, but for religious and social purposes (the Bantu call their cattle "gods with wet noses") found pastures enough.

Then came the white man, first as a trader, then as a missionary and then, where climate was favourable, as a settler. Except at the southern tip of the continent where Dutch and Huguenots established themselves as long ago as the seventeenth century, white penetration and settlement of countries like Kenya and Rhodesia took place scarcely more than half a century ago.

But with the white man came law and order and the medicine bottle. Tribal warfare was ended, famine alleviated, disease checked. As a consequence men and cattle have multiplied. In some territories population threatens to double itself in the next twenty-five years. Primitive methods of cultivation no longer suffice; overstocking of pastures can no longer be permitted, since both are destroying the land which is the basis of life itself. In short, Africa needs an agricultural revolution if she is to be saved. It is encouraging to see in British territories, at any rate, determined efforts now being made to persuade Africans to farm their land more intelligently.

But that is only part of the story. For the white man came to look for diamonds, gold, and copper, to farm, to build, and in recent years to manufacture. Since he could do none of these things without the black man's labour, so the advent of white civilization in Africa has meant the absorption of black men into the white man's economy, the break-up of the traditional social pattern and the consequent weakening of tribal authority. In the process the old loyalties have been destroyed, few new ones put in their place. The process has reached its most advanced stage in the Union, but one sees it in operation elsewhere in British Africa, though on a smaller scale.

Now the pace of economic development quickens. The world cries out for

more of Africa's foodstuffs and raw materials. More and more Africans leave their villages for the town. Up go the factories in South Africa, in the Rhodesias, in Kenya; deep down into the earth go new mines. Willy-nilly the primitive African is being forced to jump the centuries.

Herein lies a real dilemma. Force of circumstance compels economic development which can only be undertaken with the willing co-operation of the African, and can only be undertaken successfully if he is encouraged to become more responsible, more efficient. Inevitably, this means that the African will acquire knowledge, add to his awareness of the world and its ways, and it will lead him (because in this he does not differ from the rest of humankind) to seek a self-respecting status, identity as an individual and opportunity for a settled family life. As certain as day follows night economic advance is bound to lead to the demand for some share in the way things are run. The way in which that demand will be voiced will depend in large measure upon the extent to which the urban African is encouraged to express himself responsibly through the medium, say, of trade unions in the industrial field, and home ownership and a happy community life in the social field.

All this is frankly recognized in the Rhodesias and in Kenya. It is also recognized in the Union, but there the fear is openly expressed that once concessions are made it will not be long before the whole fabric of white society is undermined. Of course, it is quite true that there can be no guarantee that the awakening of the African in territories where the European now governs will not be accompanied by political agitation, although long before that stage is reached the African is likely to realize that he possesses considerable economic

power and will use it to improve his lot. Certainly what is happening in the Gold Coast and Nigeria will continue to fire the ambition of politically-minded Africans throughout the continent, however few they may be in present circumstances. It is futile to argue, as some people do, that in West Africa constitutional advance (still guided by British administrators) has yet to show any substantial results; or that there is no real parallel, since West Africans have contributed much to the growth of their own economy while in East, Central and South Africa, what has been created is due entirely to the imagination and foresight of Europeans. The fact is that black men now govern in some parts of the continent and this is bound to exert a strong emotional appeal in territories where power is still solely in the hands of the white man.

There are only two roads down which those who have power to guide the destiny of multi-racial territories can march. Either one believes that despite present wide differences in culture and capacity, in outlook and behaviour, Africans and Europeans can move towards a society in which men are judged, not by the colour of their skins, but by the quality of their manhood, by their capacity and gifts, a society in which there is equality of opportunity—or one does not. If one believes in this concept then the goal, however remote and difficult of attainment, must be one of partnership.

If one does not believe it, then the goal must be one of complete segregation of the races and rigid application of colour bars. In theory the South African doctrine of *apartheid* means parallel development of each race in separate areas. In practice, it means nothing of the kind, for it is only in the white areas that real economic opportunity exists or is likely to exist, yet there, where industry and business, in-

deed every home, depend upon black labour, there is no equality of opportunity for the black man. Bluntly expressed, *apartheid* means a permanent white master/black servant relationship.

Maybe some people like it that way: maybe talk of partnership anywhere in Africa is academic in present circumstances. But north of the Union a different spirit prevails. In the Rhodesias the backwardness of Africans is not made the excuse for excluding all of them from a share in government. Rhodes himself envisaged equal rights for all civilized men. How else could one build an enduring state?

Indeed, viewed from any angle, the new Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland is a triumph of common-sense. For here, in an area larger than Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and Holland put together, dwell only seven million people, and of these a mere 215,000 are Europeans.

No civilized community can live in a vacuum. Sooner or later the small white population of the Rhodesias would have had to choose between the white *herrenvolk* creed which reigns to the south in the Union or surrender to black nationalism. Either way the choice would have been fatal to British influence in Africa. One would have meant slamming the door on legitimate African aspirations and trying to maintain white domination over an increasingly soured and possibly delinquent black population; the other would have entailed the suicide of white civilization and the falling into chaos of a vast area of enormous strategic and economic importance.

There was only one way in which to resist these fierce pressures and that was to create a new British State, strong enough to keep alive the spirit of tolerance and to work towards the goal of partnership between the races. In any

event, one could not hope to realize the potentialities of these territories and so provide a fuller and richer life for all their inhabitants without large-scale investment from overseas. This was unlikely in a world of capital shortage unless the imagination of would-be investors could be fired by a great concept.

The new Federation is a great concept. It is fortunate, too, in its leadership, for men like Sir Godfrey Huggins, Sir Roy Welensky and Mr. Garfield Todd inspire confidence. They make a fine team, yet are oddly dissimilar. Huggins, now past seventy, born in Kent, was once house surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital and Superintendent Physician of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children; Welensky, Rhodesian born, started life as a railway worker and became his country's heavyweight boxing champion; Todd is a forty-six-year-old New Zealander, who came to Africa as a missionary twenty years ago and stayed to become Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia. They are all shrewd, practical men, yet fired with immense enthusiasm for their task.

Confidence begets confidence. Thus in its first year the Federation has had no difficulty in raising money on the London market or in persuading the United States to make a loan for the re-equipment and expansion of its transport system. Private investment capital continues to flow in. Expansion is the keynote.

Very properly, emphasis at this stage in the Federation is on economic development. First things are being put first. Priority is given to strengthening the sinews of the new State—transportation and power—so as to make possible a smooth and rapid expansion of the economy. How else can the conditions be created which will enable an improvement to be made in African

living standards and so make a reality of the idea of partnership?

The line of advance is clear in Central Africa. Six African M.P.s sit in the Federal Assembly. Agricultural and housing policies are designed to encourage the growth of an African middle class. A multi-racial University has been established. The intention is to make it possible for the more

advanced of the African population to find a place in the white man's civilization and to identify themselves with it.

If this great experiment can be continued, and Sir Godfrey Huggins's precept, quoted at the beginning of this article, is followed elsewhere, there is hope for multi-racial societies in Africa.

BERNARD BRAINE.

THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS

By PETER BAILEY

LORD WOOLTON, in his speech summarizing the Tory Conference, commented with brisk firmness: "We must work to ensure that within the coming months our associations enrol new members in their thousands, particularly among the young Conservatives. Young Conservatives—let me speak to you—*particularly on the factory floor. Not only in the offices but in the workshops.*" These emphatic words awoke more than one young representative from the comfortable complacency of being a member of the largest voluntary political youth organization in the world.

It has become almost a cliché that the Party with youth on its side governs the country, but the importance of the statement is not exaggerated, for nearly seven million voters aged between twenty-one and thirty will enter the polling booths at the next election. Lord Woolton does not forget that the difference in votes between the two major parties in 1951 was less than a quarter of a million or that the proportion of votes cast gave the Socialists a majority with 48.8 per cent of the total

poll, compared with 48 per cent for the Conservatives. Young voters are being listed on the Register at an increasing rate, half a million new names appearing each year.

The importance of the young voter is no sudden post-war realization, and the formation of the Junior Imperial League by the Tory Party in 1906 began a long and continuous campaign to interest youth in Conservative principles. In itself the formation of the "Junior Imps" was a progressive if not revolutionary step. With a faith based on the meaning and purpose of the Empire and Commonwealth the movement attracted vast numbers aged between fifteen and thirty. In giving a practical job to the young person it awakened an interest in politics for a new and expanding section of the people. Its Chief Officers enjoyed liaison and representation at national level, and although constituencies had less formal arrangements the understanding between age and youth was good. In 1938 a plan was prepared for wider representation at all levels of the Party, but the second world war pre-

vented its implementation. The post-war Young Conservative who speaks of "fighting for his rights" may appear impressive, but should remember that much of the pioneering work of formal recognition was carried out by those who sit to-day as much respected middle-aged Members of Parliament. The Junior Imperial League, in common with the Party, ceased its political activities throughout the second world war, although some remaining members used their branches for voluntary war-work of a non-political nature. The Imps replaced their party politics with quiet but courageous patriotism, their pre-war lessons in the British tradition being put into effect on the battlefield.

As the war progressed it became apparent that the young men and women returning to a peaceful world would be matured beyond their years, and even if they did not demand political recognition, would form a vast group of great influence in political life. In 1943 the Chairman of the Conservative Party prepared a draft plan to cater for youth after victory. The plan, accepted and put into effect in 1945, gave full representation at all levels of the Party to a Young Conservative Movement whose members "aged between fifteen and thirty were keen to do something for their country's sake, and put national before sectional interests." The name "Young Conservatives" has been criticized as lacking the fire and crusading spirit of "Junior Imperial League" but "*Young Conservative*" gave a feeling of being an integral part of the Party rather than a mere attachment.

Representation was the most important step ever taken by a political party to encourage its young members, and there is little doubt that without it the Young Conservative Movement would have collapsed or, even worse, formed

a splinter group of young people, vociferous and embarrassing, irresponsible and wasted. The fact that a young person could, by party rule, meet and discuss with the leaders, gave a sense of purpose that encouraged interest in political affairs, and developed loyalty towards the party cause.

The danger of not giving representation is illustrated clearly in the fate of the Labour League of Youth which, despite constant appeals from its members, has no say in policy and virtually no representation at the national level of the Labour Party. In the words of one Left-wing newspaper: "There were more young people at Blackpool (Conservative Conference, 1950) than at either the Brighton T.U.C. or the Margate Labour Party Conference. If some Labour Leaders could have seen the efforts made at Blackpool to win young people—and not only from one class—they might have regretted the rather cavalier way the demands of the Labour League of Youth for more responsibility were dismissed at Margate." The effect of these words, written in 1951, is to be seen in this year's report of the Socialist Party's Executive Committee, which announced a further drop in the number of League of Youth branches, from 538 to 366, less than half the total of four years ago. At Scarborough this year the Labour League of Youth was entitled to two representatives whereas at Blackpool the Young Conservative representatives numbered over a thousand—a fact that was noticed particularly by the foreign Press attending both meetings. Many young Socialists have left their Party disillusioned and frustrated. They have found a warmer welcome in the Communist ranks, where clever policy ensures that there is an immediate job for every new member. Others have moved to the Left Wing of Socialism, seeking shelter in the hopeful words of *Tribune*

THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT



SOBER AND SERIOUS : YOUNG CONSERVATIVES, ON A COURSE AT SWINTON COLLEGE, TALKING TO MR. MALCOLM MCCORQUODALE

which devotes much space to youth representation. This interest in youth by the extreme Left should not be dismissed lightly, for the orthodox Executive may soon find itself with empty seats for the constituency Labour organizations, while its problem child grows up with increasing support from young extremists. Socialism has carried its principle of centralized Government to the structure of its own machine, and is courting disaster, by discounting its youth which while accepting and even enjoying discipline becomes bitter when ignored.

In the Conservative Party the rule of representation did not mean immediate goodwill from all "seniors." The age gap between the young Conservative, freshly returned from the war, and the old constituency worker, was that between parent and child. The older soldier, in his middle thirties, took

little interest in politics when demobilized, for family responsibilities and personal needs directed his energies to re-establishing himself in civilian life. At branch and constituency level there was some intolerance of the new movement, which in turn placed too little value on the experience and ability of the older party worker. At first a patronizing attitude caused frustration and irritation, but as the movement expanded so mutual respect became more widespread, a process aided from the beginning by the party leaders who have never stinted their advice or assistance. No other organization, political or non-political, gives greater opportunity to the young person to share his ideas with men and women of great ability and stature. Certainly no large industry would listen with such attention to the plans and ideas of its youthful employees. Young Conserva-

tive leaders have the ear of Cabinet Ministers and all party officials who, despite the heavy burdens of their jobs, listen with genuine interest. In the constituencies closer and closer links are being forged between the old and the young party workers, but there still remain a few constituency chairmen who would benefit from following the example of their national leaders. There is also an easy tendency for the Young Conservative to regard his privileged position as a right rather than a responsibility, viewing the remainder of the Party as unimportant. For the ambitious—and they are many—a leading position in the youth section of a great political organization and frequent contact with men of Government should not be the sole qualification for a safe seat in Parliament. Nevertheless the training and experience gained as a Young Conservative should produce a sense of citizenship and leadership that when matured will produce men and women capable of great public service. Older members of the constituencies and branches can do no greater good than to assist their young colleagues to become responsible human beings and prevent them turning into political prudes. Those who regard the young Tory as a conceited puppy are often responsible for his condition.

Post-war conditions were suited to the formation of a Young Conservative Movement. A Socialist Government by its actions destroyed the belief that to be Socialist was to be progressive. The impact of defeat at the 1945 election shocked the deeper thinkers into realizing that election slogans were not enough and that a restatement of faith and principle was vital. More widespread, and of equal importance, was the analysis of pre-war failure in combating unemployment, boom and slump, and echoes were again heard of the need for more vigour in the Tory Party.

The younger officers and N.C.O.'s who had developed powers of leadership in war-time found satisfaction in joining a movement where they were appreciated and met their war-time fellows. With Mr. Anthony Nutting, already an M.P., as their chief, young men and women felt they were sharing in the affairs of State. Colonel Oliver, the National Organizing Secretary, combined many years professional political experience with war service as a senior officer. The early work of these two men deserves high praise, and the fact that ten years later there are over 2,000 branches and a membership well into six figures is due to the foundation laid by these early leaders. In common with the rest of the Party the Young Conservative Movement expanded as Socialist prestige contracted. The publication of the policy charters was the result of an outcry from the younger politician, and by 1950 the Young Conservative Movement was ready for the election, for which it had trained and worked so long. The 1950 result, with the prospect of victory, reduced the enthusiasm of the movement, and after 1951 there was a serious problem of apathy. Despite the smallness of its majority the Conservative Party was in office and all the hard effort had been worth while. There was natural pride at seeing many young faces on the Tory benches, where those under forty outnumbered the Socialists by two to one. Within the Young Conservative branch a deeper change was taking place; war-matured members were reaching the age limit and the schoolboy of 1945 found himself without the leaders upon whom he had relied so long. As many of these older men were founder members the gap created by their departure was difficult to close. The need for leadership training became urgent and courses were planned which brought out not only the duties of branch officers, but

THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT

expounded the theme of the Tory faith; the latter a subject far more difficult to explain and comprehend. The leadership of the movement was, and is, most needed at branch level and because of the number of leaders and potential leaders required the task assumes immense proportions. The natural tendency for the better leader to move from branch to constituency level and onward to the National Advisory Committee makes the problem worse. For the man or woman who could do immense good in a marginal constituency finds more and more time being taken up in committee work, with little left for setting the real example on the doorstep or at the street corner. There is no doubt that in the years ahead committee procedure must be streamlined and more energy spent in contacting the young elector in a practical manner. Too many committees dampen initiative and personal effort, becoming an excuse for failure.

There is some truth in the statement that the Young Conservative spends more time in social functions than political activities. But equally his elders will turn up for their whist drive or dance rather than listen to the political speech. The impact of political broadcasting, by sight or sound, has placed the leading politicians in the homes of the people in far better fashion than could be expected in the local village hall. The reason for the success of the social function is not simply the relaxation it provides but rather the opportunity it gives for sharing in the pleasure and interest. The popularity of the brains trust is in part due to its creating a more personal atmosphere than is possible with the "speaker" type of function. Social functions encourage mixing and talking amongst young people. They can do a great deal of good and may well open the door to more serious topics. On



MR. PETER BAILEY (centre) ATTENDING THE FIRST EUROPEAN ASSEMBLY OF POLITICAL YOUTH

balance the young Conservative branch engages in more political work than the senior branch, but as it usually meets more often greater public attention is drawn to the lighter side. The need for a varied programme to attract all interests has been met in part by the production during the past year of a short booklet, *250 Branch Programmes*. Selling out in a few months, it has already livened up activities and given greater variety, and above all reduced the age-old problem of "price and dress." Away from the social functions may be found an increasing interest in the activities of the Conservative Political Centre. The Constituency Political Education Committee has the task of developing informed opinion through the study of political problems by its members. It provides a forum for the interchange of ideas between people

of different ages and by studying the basic problems of a subject teaches the Young Conservative how to think rather than what to think. Membership of a Political Education Committee builds for the Young Conservative a natural bridge whereby he may transfer from one section of the Party to another on reaching the age of thirty.

Away from the domestic problems are the interests in external affairs. Contact between young people of the Commonwealth and Western Europe is expanding. Time, money and distance make Empire travel difficult, but close ties are retained, through the Conservative Overseas Bureau and Commonwealth Council. Colonial and Dominion students studying in Britain join in Young Conservative activities and all methods of communication are used not only to develop knowledge of the Empire, but also to convey the inspiration of its family purpose. Schemes are being considered for visits to the Dominions, where, by paying their way in short-term employment, the young people from this country can see what the new countries are doing. In Europe, with no travel problems, the Young Conservative

really knows his fellow politicians and is highly respected by them. Both at the first European Assembly of Political Youth at the Hague in 1952, and at Vienna this April, the proceedings progressed because of the intense effort and fair-minded attitude of the British Young Conservatives. European Youth in the move to unity has neglected local leadership, and there is admiration of the British quality in this matter.

The year ahead may prove vital for the Young Conservative Movement and the example it sets to young people in the next twelve months is of paramount importance. It has sufficient experience, authority and support at high level to enrol "members in their thousands." Its recruits from the factory floor will arrive if they are welcomed, and their contribution to the Movement will be immense; but the Young Conservatives will not collect them by sitting in committees. They must get out and about and by their own example in their daily lives prove to Britain that their Movement is one of public service and responsibility, standing for good manners, courtesy, tolerance and courage.

PETER BAILEY.

EGYPT UNDER NASSER. II.

By JOHN POELS

HOW stable is Nasser's government? Beginning in order of precedence rather than importance, the name of General Neguib has lost its disturbing magic. Representations of a bronzed figure overshadowing the pyramids may still be seen in government offices and elsewhere—far more, in fact, than of Colonel Nasser. But, apart from the Sudanese, the majority of the people regard him with

no more than a kind of tolerant affection, as a fatherly man once frequently photographed holding babies. He may be seen in the morning inspecting his guard outside the Abdin Palace, his rustic simplicity in unnatural proximity to Farouk's marbled halls (where onyx baths in the Roman style are inlaid with ovens for snacks while steaming).

Next comes Colonel Nasser. The Junta recognize that the continued

success of the revolution depends upon the establishing and maintaining of his position with the public in the role formerly occupied by Neguib. In theory the more he succeeds in filling that role the less likely he is to remain simply *primus inter pares* among his own colleagues or to display the hesitations that were apparent in the crisis of last February, when he yielded first to Salah Salem and attempted to do without Neguib, then to popular opinion and persuaded him to come back. In practice these hesitations probably mask a degree of political astuteness that may help him to keep his team together.

How far the members of the Junta itself are divided by personal antipathies is difficult to judge, since the need for public support makes them both sensitive to criticism and anxious to conceal any differences they may have among themselves. The result is that where divisions do become public they appear both abrupt and menacing. There are no polite exchanges of letters published in the government newspapers. Instead the hero of yesterday is suddenly despatched on a week's holiday to Switzerland, never to return. When he is recalled the next day (as happened with Salah Salem after his recent deflating visit to Iraq) the position appears still more problematical. The impression is given of a club taking peremptory decisions among themselves. It does not matter so much now that the necessity for a military government is obvious. But it may make difficult the transition from a temporary to a permanent regime, and the retention of suitable people in the administration. Thus a friend of Dr. Emery, the best Finance Minister of recent years, told me that the reason why he left the administration was "the difficulty of working with the military mind." My informant, an official in the National Bank,

was an enthusiastic supporter of the regime, but he had, together with other "intellectuals," exactly the same criticism to make.

These "intellectuals" are needed to run the administration. They will applaud an efficient government, but they will not lift a finger to prevent a bad regime. The support of the present government against any threat must therefore come from the main body of young army officers who stand behind the Junta. The few I met regarded Nasser as a hero. No Pharaoh or modern dictator could have commanded greater adulation. One in particular I remember, an Egyptian major ensconced in a carpeted steamer on his way down to the Sudan. "He is a wonderful man," he said of Nasser. "He is more than a man. He can see right through you in two minutes." This was probably typical, but in another way too this major (called Achmed) was representative of his fellows. This was in the immensely religious nature of his outlook. "I met a man in Port Said," Achmed whispered to me one day after breakfast, "who did not believe in God. What do you say to that?" This seemed a perfectly natural remark in the surroundings, where donkeys trotting along the bank in and out of the palms kept pace with the boat. Yet the passenger on the boat train to London might be mildly surprised if he met an infantry officer in the dining car who said confidentially: "I met a man in Southampton who did not believe in God." Nor is it possible to imagine any English equivalent to the reverent circle which gathered round Achmed as he expounded a knotty point in the Koran.

This acceptance of their religion as part of their daily lives constitutes one of the main political problems of Egypt to-day—the accommodation of Islam

to modern ways of life, to which some of the precepts of the Koran and its accompanying documents, forming a detailed code completed several centuries ago, are manifestly unsuited. Faced with this contradiction the vast majority are prepared to ignore the differences and go on leading their lives in two watertight compartments. As the Islamic religion is much more a profession of faith than a way of life they do not find much difficulty in doing so. "Thus," said Achmed, sinking his glass of beer, "we believe that the Koran has everything in it that is necessary for the government of a modern State. Nevertheless our own government is bound to act contrary to it in some respects." On the other hand there exists a substantial minority, about two million in number, who will neither accept this easy solution nor put a gloss on the Koran. Instead they hold it to be the duty of a Moslem State to enforce all its commandments in their most literal sense.

These are the members of the Moslem Brotherhood—founded before the war under royal patronage and responsible since then for all the more important political assassinations (including the Cairo riots). Their leadership comes from all those people—*sharia* lawyers, small-time officials, students and shopkeepers—who fear not so much the advent of change as a change which they themselves cannot control. They see an old way of life slipping away in a haze of coca-cola advertisements. They are desperately anxious that the new life and the new sources of power shall bear the imprint of their own convictions. Accordingly they have tried unsuccessfully to gain control of the revolution, enlisting to this end the riff-raff of the large towns—simple, fanatical people living in the most elementary conditions—and since last July they have been campaigning

against the Suez agreement, ostensibly because the British cannot be trusted, in reality because the popularity of Nasser would be assured by the agreement's being successfully put into operation.

This propaganda, though of course illegal, was conducted fairly openly; I noticed a Brother thrusting his leaflets through the windows of taxis in the middle of Alexandria. But the leader of this motley crew, Hassan el Hodeiby, is now in prison after an extensive newspaper campaign against him. At the time of my visit he was lying low, and in an effort to gain some account of the views of the Brotherhood, I was taken instead to see Mr. Odur, one of the leaders of the movement, whom the government has been trying somewhat unsuccessfully to seduce from their allegiance to their Supreme Guide. Starting in Gresham House, a building which looks as if it began life in Sloane Avenue, but is in fact the Ministry of National Guidance, I journeyed for half an hour through quarters steadily less occidental and more Bohemian in appearance, until I arrived at the offices of the Brotherhood. Entering a bizarre interior that resembled a cross between a Y.M.C.A. at a dockyard, a station waiting room, and a fortune teller's booth at a funfair, I found myself face-to-face with groups of Brothers in nightgowns, their beards trimmed scientifically to a three-day growth, squatting at strategic intervals across the floor. My guide from the Ministry wound his way through these like a man frightened of stepping in a puddle. A door was flung open and a voice behind me said "Mr. Odur." There seemed at first to be no Mr. Odur. Then I saw him in a posture which would have delighted Mr. Osbert Lancaster and proved without difficulty the dangers of mixing two different civilizations. The oriental approach

to prayer cannot appeal to the tailor of taste.

Mr. Odur's devotions over, our interview began. He first asked me, to the embarrassment of the man from the Ministry, why I had come to see him, Mr. Odur, and not Hassan el Hodeiby, their trusted guide. Then, in response to my enquiries, he said that the main difference between the Brotherhood and Colonel Nasser was that the latter was not sticking seriously to the principles of the Moslem religion. Requested to amplify this, he said, after sipping a great deal of mint tea, that he thought more could be done about drinking and professional prostitution. Since English politicians are not frequently assassinated in the cause of extended licensing hours, replies like these led me to suppose that all the Moslem Brothers were after was power for its own sake.

In a way this is true, but it is not the whole story. In England religion and politics have long been separated, but in Egypt they have long been associated in the popular mind, so that the majority of Egyptian children are born not little Liberals nor little Conservatives, but little Mahomedans. Every Egyptian government takes advantage of this. Farouk grew side-whiskers and had himself installed as a kind of pseudo-Caliph, while Nasser suggests in his book that the annual pilgrimage to Mecca be made the occasion for a gigantic political congress on Blackpool lines. Basically, therefore, there can be no deep division between him and a body like the Moslem Brotherhood as to the right course to be followed, but simply, as over the Palestine question, a difference of opinion as to whether or not it is opportune to follow it. So long as this is the case Egyptian politics are bound to be a search for power, a matter of personalities and attitudes rather than of principles, so that a

government, if not sustained by corruption, must be sustained by the army.

There is, however, a third force in the process of emerging, on which Nasser hopes he will be able to rely. These are the peasants and industrial workers. Formerly the latter always voted as they were told, though in extreme cases, where a candidate was very unpopular, the village registered its objection by running away into the woods and the candidate was elected unanimously. Now land distribution (though only 600,000 acres) the establishment of co-operatives and universal education (at the moment the villages are 90 per cent. illiterate) may make the peasants at once more independent and more open to other forms of political pressure. Similarly, in the industrial world, the government has greatly facilitated the creation of unions which are addressed *en masse* by Colonel Nasser. At the moment there are only two hundred thousand members, but practically the first successful strike in Egypt since Biblical times was recently staged at the cement works at Taala.

The government, in their search for popular support, may thus have created a political Frankenstein, though for the moment there is no need to fear that these new political forces will become infected with Communism. Egypt has its Harry Pollitts, but their chief use is to convince the Americans of the necessity for economic aid. Nevertheless the visitor, not deceived by the changeless landscape of the Nile, cannot help sensing that this new world of mass opinion is separated by a great gulf from that of polite theological discussions on a river steamer. Nor can he help wondering exactly what form this new world will take.

In this speculation he is encouraged by the enthusiasm of the new generation. I could not sympathize with the mission of the teacher who told me he

was going to teach physical education to the negroes of the Southern Sudan; nor could I place much hope in his own chances of political survival among them. But when he said "We are young: the future is on our side," he may well have been right. Whether he was or not depends, so far as Egypt is concerned, on the great mass of her people.

My last memory of the country is of wandering round the empty streets of a model village, the plans for which were drawn up some years ago. They were hardly put into operation until the advent of the present Minister of Works, an energetic man named Boghdadi. The only thing this delight-

ful village now lacks are the villagers themselves, who are at present occupying some ancient tombs, a couple of miles away, dug into a hillside near the Valley of the Queens. Here they find and forge trinkets for the benefit of tourists and object strongly to being evicted from their sepulchral, if profitable, surroundings. They will doubtless be made to move, and the future of their village, for good or bad, will henceforward depend upon themselves.

In a way the fate of this village, whatever it may be, will serve as a parable for that of the Egyptian nation as a whole.

JOHN POELS.

SOLVING THE SAAR PROBLEM

By REGINALD COLBY

PRESENT-DAY maps of Europe do not mark the Saar as belonging to the German Federal Republic or to France, but usually indicate that it is a doubtful territory either by shading it or by marking with a dotted line the frontier which divides it from the Federal Republic. It would be incorrect to make it part of the Federal Republic as the Saar territory was separated from the moribund Third Reich by France at the end of the war—with the agreement of her allies—and by the time the West German Government was formed in 1949 the Saar State had existed for two years.

It existed only as a *de facto* State, as it exists to-day, for want of a peace treaty or an international agreement to make France's action legal. The Saar is therefore not an internationally recognized State, though it has a constitution, laws, a flag, its own stamps,

its own police force and a Diet at the head of which is the Saar Prime Minister, Herr Johannes Hoffmann. The Saar even has a foreign diplomatic service, though there is only one Saar mission abroad—the Saar legation in Paris. Elsewhere Saar interests are covered by France. As can be seen the Germans are right when they call the Saar State a *Provisorium* and they usually place the word State, if they use it at all, in inverted commas.

The French themselves are in agreement with the Germans on this point and admit the provisional nature of the Saar State. They have never tried to foist its recognition on other countries. They have not encouraged the Saarlanders to elect a President for instance, though it must be said that Herr Hoffmann, the patriarchal and popular Prime Minister, known as the Father of his People, fills the role of Chief of

SOLVING THE SAAR PROBLEM

State admirably—but unofficially. It is he who always represents his country in negotiations with the French, and he has had control of home affairs since he became the Saar's first Prime Minister in 1947.

The gradual development of autonomy in the Saar—a movement away from Germany—has been the guiding principle of French policy in the last seven years. The French have never looked upon the Saar as another Alsace or Lorraine, as a "lost" territory to be re-incorporated in the *mère patrie*. No statue of the Saar was hung with black crepe during the years 1935–45 when the Saar was part of the Reich. There is therefore nothing sentimental in the relationship between France and the Saar. No Frenchman would ever stand up in the French Chamber and beat his breast and say *La Sarre est française. Vive la Sarre!* For in spite of its rather French-sounding name, with its roll of R's and the fact that the second largest town in the Saar is called Saarlouis (named after *le Roi Soleil* who founded it as a fortress to protect his newly gained provinces of Alsace and Lorraine) the Saar is German and the Saarlanders have German tastes and customs.

Immediately after the last war there was a half-hearted attempt to found a pro-French party in the Saar, but it only collected one hundred thousand members and soon died a natural death. At the same period—which was marked by violent antagonism to Germany owing to the sufferings of the war—the names of streets and squares in the Saar were gallicized, but the German names soon reappeared.

The French take up a very practical attitude towards the Saar. The Saarlanders are German—they admit that—but their country must never belong to Germany politically or economically. Culturally—yes: the French have not



HERR JOHANNES HOFFMANN, PRIME MINISTER OF THE SAAR

interfered with German cultural life in the Saar, and if they did interfere, it would be a lost battle from the start, as few Saarlanders speak French. But no French Prime Minister would survive if he gave up the French axiom that the Saar, though German, must never become part of Germany again. Successive French governments since 1951 have stated again and again that a settlement of the Saar problem, by which they means its permanent separation from Germany, is a prior condition for a Franco-German *entente*. The settlement of the Saar problem was a prior condition—the famous *condition préalable*—for the ratification of the European Defence Treaty, which accounts for Dr. Adenauer's desire to come to an agreement with M. Bidault last March so that it would give a better chance for the Treaty to be ratified by

the French Chamber. And now again the French have let it be known that the solution of the Saar problem is a prior condition for the ratification of the London Agreements.

The French take up this intransigent attitude over the Saar for strategic and economic reasons. Though the former are rather outmoded they nevertheless play an important part in French thinking. The strategic position of the Saar was appreciated by Louis XIV when he commanded Vauban to build the fortified town of Saarlouis in 1681. It was outside Saarbrücken that one of the early engagements of the Franco-Prussian war was fought. In the last war the German West Wall ran across the rolling landscape of the Saar, where its pyramid-shaped teeth can still be seen sticking up out of the fields. The Germans evacuated the Saar population in 1939 and again in 1944 (which remains a painful memory for the Saarlanders). In the course of centuries the Saar has been constantly overrun by invading armies from the East and the West. Therefore the French would be much happier if the Saar were on their own side of the frontier rather than part of Germany.

But it is the economic reasons which carry the greatest weight. The Saar—or, to call it by its economic title, the Saar Basin—has enormous reserves of coal and iron ore. Nowhere else in Europe is there such a concentration of mines, iron ore, steel rolling mills, blast furnaces, and industrial plant of all kinds. The population of the Saar—1,100 per square mile—is the densest in the world after Hong Kong. Of its 950,000 inhabitants over a third are industrial workers. And the Saarlanders, being German, live to work rather than work to live. They go about their daily life with the tense, concentrated, austere look on their faces which is especially Teutonic. In the early

morning long before it is light in the winter they arrive by trains and buses at their places of work in long silent columns and they leave again at night in the same orderly fashion, looking forward to returning the next day.

The Saar miner—and there is a mining labour force of 64,000—is the hardest-working, most reliable and contented of his trade in Europe. There has only been one strike in the last fifty years. He gladly works forty-eight hours a week, he regularly pays his taxes, and besides extracting coal from the bowels of the earth (which is especially exhausting in the Saar as the mines are notoriously difficult to work) he is also a farmer. As soon as he has done his shift underground he is ready to do another shift above ground, and still wearing his white miner's overalls he takes out his horse and tills his land. The Saar miner has inherited his land from his ancestors and he is proud of being deeply rooted in the soil. The Saar miners often build their own houses in groups with other miners, working for perhaps five years until each man has a roof over his head. These houses are extremely well built, and are equipped with tiled bathrooms, tiles being one of the products of the Saar.

For the last nine years the Saar, with its rich industrial resources and its hard-working population, has been separated from Germany, and for the last six of these years it has been the economic partner of France, enclosed in the economic boundaries of the French Union, but not forming part of France politically. A frontier divides the Saar from France, but it is only a formality for Frenchmen and Saarlanders to cross it, whereas the German-Saar border is a more formidable barrier involving an examination of passports and a thorough customs search for travellers entering the Saar from

SOLVING THE SAAR PROBLEM



A GENERAL VIEW OF SAARBRÜCKEN, CAPITAL OF THE SAAR

Germany owing to the high tariff wall against German goods.

By this reorientation westwards the French have achieved the primary object they set themselves after the war, and though the Germans may complain, it is the orientation best suited to the Saar itself, belonging as it does geographically and economically to the triangle bordered on the north by Luxembourg and on the south-west by Alsace and Lorraine. From 1871 to 1918 the Saar was integrated naturally into this area, when Alsace and Lorraine were part of the new German Empire. During those forty-seven years the political frontier corresponded to the economic frontier, with the result that the Saar prospered. In 1918, when Alsace and Lorraine were restored to France, the Saar was separated from its economic partners politically, but as France was given the control of the Saar coal mines by way of reparations

this division did not make itself felt. On the contrary the Saar still prospered, and the League of Nations period, which lasted from 1920 to 1935, is known by the Saarlanders as the period of "the golden oppression."

It was only in 1935, when the Saar returned of its own free will to Germany, that its economic troubles began, because the German-French frontier now shut it off from its natural hinterland—from the *minette* (iron ore) of Lorraine and from the agricultural surplus of France (the Saar is quite unable to feed itself). The frontier also cut it off from the natural market for its industrial products, and in addition it was swamped by Germany's own industrial output which undercut the prices of its own goods. The result would have been disastrous but for Germany's rearmament drive; without this stimulus the Saar's industries would have faced bankruptcy.

The Saarlanders are the last to complain of their close economic link with France. One only needs to spend a day or two in the Saar to see that there is work for all, and that town and countryside alike give an impression of quiet prosperity. In the business hours motor vehicles block the streets of the capital, Saarbrücken, and the Saarlanders even look a good deal more prosperous than the French—or at any rate they seem to spend their money more freely.

In the industrial equation between France and the Federal Republic the Saar is a decisive factor. If its output is added to that of the Federal Republic then the scales are weighted heavily against France. If on the other hand the Saar's industrial potential is denied to Germany and added to France's economy then the balance, though still not even, is somewhat restored in France's favour. The Saar's annual coal output of nearly 16½ million tons, and its steel production of over 2½ million tons, together with the production of gas, coke, machinery, glass and ceramics, all go to swell France's economy. The Saar is also a vital element in France's export trade and by the annual sale of 3½ million tons of coal to Western Germany, she almost covers France's mark imports.

Coal production in the Saar, which had sunk to almost nothing in 1945, has made a spectacular recovery, and now stands higher than it has ever done. But the increase in production has not been accompanied by an increase in profits. Saar coal is sold to Western Germany at a loss of nearly 10s. a ton—a loss made good (with special permission of the Coal and Steel Authority) by a subsidy paid out of a French fund. But it is worth incurring this loss for the foreign currency obtained by the sale. Starting this year, the Saar coal mines are being managed by a board

on which French and Saarlanders have equal authority: the *Saar Bergwerke*, which has replaced the French controlled *Régie des Mines*. The mines are run at a loss and are badly in need of modernization as capital has been very scarce since the war owing to the uncertainty of the Saar's political future.

The French have "made a good thing" out of the Saar since 1945, but they regard it as their due. At the end of the war they had the choice of dismantling the Saar's industries and moving them back to Lorraine as reparations, but they left them in place and made them work for France's benefit. The present Franco-Saar partnership has developed from the original victor-vanquished relationship and has benefited both parties. But can it go on for ever?

The Germans say "No." They were not in a position to interfere in the years immediately after the war as the giant, which the Federal Republic has become, was still asleep. But now, with sovereignty just round the corner, the Germans resent the Saar being separated from them politically and economically.

A campaign was started against the government of "Separatist Hoffmann" (as the Germans call the Saar Prime Minister) as long ago as 1951. It reached its climax in the autumn of 1952 at the time of the crucial elections in the Saar when a flood of propaganda was let loose at the Saar across the border from the Federal Republic. So much has happened on the European scene in the interval that this episode tends to be forgotten, but during the early winter of 1952 the Saar was a focal point of world attention. The election of the Saar Diet took on the character almost of a plebiscite for or against Germany, for—unwisely as it turned out,—the Germans exhorted the Saarlanders to spoil their papers in

SOLVING THE SAAR PROBLEM

protest against the banning of the Saar branches of the German parties rather than vote for either of the officially constituted parties. By their vote they were to show that they were against the separatist tendencies of the Saar Government, and that they were loyal Germans. The elections were a great disappointment to Bonn, as only 24 per cent. of the Saarlanders cast blank votes or spoilt their papers. The German irredentist movement has never really recovered from this setback, though attempts have been made, and are still being made, to stir up trouble against the present Saar government. The Minister for All-German Affairs, Herr Jakob Kaiser, whose aim it is to gather all Germans within the frontiers of a Greater Germany, regards the Saarlanders as belonging to the German family too, and does not spare his efforts to "propagandize" them, ably supported in this attempt by the *Deutsche Saar-Bund*, an organization of Saarlanders and Saar sympathizers in the Federal Republic, which has been carrying on an intensified campaign this summer with the slogan "the Saar is German"—the same words used by Hitler and the Nazis twenty years ago. The Vice-President of the *Saar-Bund* is Prince Hubertus von Löwenstein, a member of the Free Democratic Party, whose bellicose speeches and interviews to the Press often embarrass his own party, which is part of Dr. Adenauer's coalition government.

Dr. Adenauer has maintained, in face of opposition both from inside and outside the Government, that an agreement must be reached with France over the Saar, as he knows that no European community, whether along the lines of E.D.C. or of the Brussels Treaty, will ever be supported by France unless the Saar problem is settled first. Last March he started conversations with M. Bidault and the two statesmen took

as a basis for their talks the plan for the Europeanization of the Saar worked out by the Dutch lawyer, Mr. Van Naters, for the Council of Europe in September 1953. The plan did not satisfy either the French or the Germans, but it did offer possibilities of coming to an agreement, if concessions were made on both sides. These concessions were finally wrung out of Dr. Adenauer and M. Tietgen, the Deputy French Premier, last May at Strasbourg, and it looked as if an agreement might be reached when the Indo-China crisis intervened and the Laniel Government fell.

As the Van Naters plan may well figure in future discussions between the French and the Germans, these are its main points:

The Saar territory should be administered by a High Commissioner appointed by, and responsible to, the Council of Europe;

The High Commissioner should be neither a German nor a Frenchman, nor a Saarlander, but he should have a Saarlander as his deputy;

A common market should be set up between France, Germany and the Saar;

The licensing of all political parties, associations, newspapers and public meetings should be abolished;

German culture should be guaranteed in the Saar.

As the plan was drawn up on the premise that a European Community would be created, it suffered an almost mortal blow when the French Chamber refused to ratify the E.D.C. Treaty. However, M. Mendès-France has said on several occasions that his country still pursues a European policy with regard to the Saar.

Since the early summer, when Franco-German talks ended, opinion in Germany has definitely hardened, and the Chancellor will find it difficult to bring

German public opinion to approve the abandonment of "German territory," as the Saar is referred to, and not only in nationalist circles. The Social Democrat opposition will make all the political profit they can out of the extremely delicate situation: their point of view on the Saar is that the Saarlanders gave their verdict of belonging to Germany in 1935, and that this twenty-year-old verdict still stands. They ignore entirely the material well-being of the industrial workers in the Saar, whose living standard (which is higher than that of workers in the Federal Republic) would be threatened if the Saar was incorporated into Germany again.

The Saarlanders themselves, who will have the final word, have espoused wholeheartedly the cause of Europeanization, as they see in this solution the only way out of the dilemma which has cast its shadow over them for so long. As in every border country there is a minority of nationalists who oppose any solution which would leave the Saar outside Germany's borders, but even they see that the economic link with France must be maintained. Luckily for all concerned neither the Saar-

landers nor the Germans will allow themselves to be worked up into the pitch of hysteria which marked the Saar crisis of twenty years ago. Both sides have become more sober (*nüchtern*).

This does not mean, however, that the solution of the Saar problem will be easy or that many concessions will be forthcoming from either side. On the contrary the discussions will be protracted and difficult. Germany, if she is to abandon her territorial rights over the Saar, will claim economic concessions, and France will want guarantees that in a Europeanized Saar the Franco-Saar economic partnership will not suffer and that the Saar's industrial potential will never be added to that of Germany.

If the statesmen of France and Germany do work out a compromise solution satisfactory to both parties, and to the Saarlanders, then a lead will have been given to the creation of a strong and coherent Western Europe, and a problem which has baffled European statesmen since 1918 will have been settled at last.

REGINALD COLBY.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE VANISHING FIELDS

By DENYS SMITH

IN May, 1949, an American citizen living in Geneva made a trip to Prague and vanished without trace. His wife and brother having had no news of him for three months became alarmed and went to Prague to see what they could find out. The brother went on to Warsaw and vanished without trace. The wife, who had remained behind in Prague, vanished shortly afterwards without trace. A year later a close friend went to Berlin hoping to

learn something about all three and while there vanished without trace.

The disappearance of Noel Field, his wife Herta, his brother Hermann, and Mrs. Robert Wallach, treated by the Noel Fields as an adopted daughter, remained a mystery till this year, when it was partly cleared up by a defecting Polish security official. It is worth closer examination as an illustration of the ruthless manner in which the Communist leaders operate and of the basic

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE VANISHING FIELDS

contempt felt by them for sympathizers in the West whom they do not hesitate to treat as "expendable" if it serves their ends.

Noel Field came from a New York Quaker family. He was born in London and brought up in Switzerland where his father, a biologist, ran a bibliographical service for fellow scientists. While in Switzerland Noel met Herta Vieser, of Zürich, whom he later married. He attended Harvard University, as did his younger brother, Hermann. In 1926 he joined the State Department and was in the Western European Division. He was a member of the American delegation at the London Naval Disarmament Conference in 1936. He resigned after the Conference to join the League Secretariat, serving first in the League's disarmament division and later with the division dealing with Spanish Civil War refugees. He was in Geneva when the war broke out and worked for a time without pay for the O.S.S., the American Intelligence agency, helping to establish contacts with the Communist underground in Nazi-occupied territory. Then he became European Director of the Unitarian Service Committee, a private relief organization. He resigned because of political differences over the acceptance of funds contributed by the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, a Left-wing body later listed by the American Attorney-General as subversive. After leaving the Unitarians in 1947 Noel Field continued to live in Geneva, spending much of his time travelling in Poland and Czechoslovakia gathering material for a book on the new "Peoples' Democracies." He went to Prague on May 5, 1949, to study at Charles University there, so his friends believed, for a Phil.D. degree, which would be an advantage to him in getting a job as a University lecturer. Nothing was heard

of him after May 12. He had left his wife Herta behind in Geneva.

Hermann Field, an architect by profession, had worked before the war with the British Czech Refugee Committee in London. In 1940 he married a fellow worker on the Committee, Kate Margaret Thorneycroft, of Golders Green. Shortly afterwards they moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where Hermann Field was connected with the University. In the spring of 1948 he left Cleveland to attend an architectural conference at Bergamo, Italy, with his wife and two children. The latter went to London to stay with her parents and Hermann Field went to Geneva, on his way to Italy, to see his sister-in-law. She told him that she had not heard from her husband for nearly three months and the two decided to go to Prague. They arrived in Prague on August 1. On August 15 Hermann Field flew alone to Warsaw where he had several professional friends. He wrote to his wife and sister-in-law on August 21, telling them he was leaving for Prague on the following day. Herta met the plane at Prague. Hermann Field's name was on the manifest but the stewardess told Herta Field that Hermann had never been a passenger. For four more days Mrs. Noel Field was in touch with Hermann's wife in London, then nothing more was heard of her.

Erica Glaser Wallach, the daughter of a German refugee doctor in London who died two years ago, met the Noel Fields in 1939. They became close friends and she was regarded as their adopted daughter when she lived with them for nine months in Switzerland. She married an American, Robert Wallach, in London, and the couple later lived in Paris. A year after the Fields' disappearance Mrs. Wallach heard that something might be learned of their whereabouts in Berlin. Against

the advice of friends she went to Berlin. On October 9, 1950, American officials in Berlin reported that she had disappeared on August 26. Robert Wallach and the two children now live near Washington.

Events in the United States and behind the Iron Curtain in 1948 and 1949 explain why there was no public American outcry about the disappearance of the Fields and throw some light on why they should have disappeared. Whittaker Chambers's sensational evidence, linking a former high State Department official, Alger Hiss, with a pre-war Communist spy ring, was first given to the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1948. He stated that another Communist State Department official, Noel Field, was a friend of Hiss, though he belonged to a different Communist "apparatus." Further statements about Noel Field's Communist connections were made at the Hiss trial the following year. The former wife of Gerhart Eisler, Mrs. Hede Massing, said that she first met Hiss at the Noel Fields' home and that she and Hiss had later argued about which Communist ring Noel Field should join, her own or that of Hiss. Hiss denied knowing Mrs. Massing and said that his only personal connection with Noel Field was in 1948 when Field (who had just left the Unitarians) asked for a job with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, of which Hiss was then head. The general view at that time was that the Fields were Communist agents who had gone willingly and happily to their spiritual home behind the Iron Curtain.

When Noel Field went to Prague and disappeared in May, 1949, the case against the Hungarian Foreign Minister, Laszlo Rajk, was being prepared. Rajk was arrested with nineteen others the following month. It was asserted that

he had confessed to plotting with American agents, including Noel Field, and with Yugoslav agents, for the overthrow of the Communist regime in Hungary. The case against the Czech Titoists took longer to prepare. Rudolf Slansky, head (Secretary-General) of the Czech Communist Party, was not arrested till November, 1951, together with Vladimir Clementis and twelve other leaders. Slansky was accused of recruiting spies for the West with the help of the Dulles brothers, Herbert Morrison, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Noel Coward, and others, including the two Field brothers. The Slansky trial showed a marked anti-Semitic trend. The fourteen defendants were accused of being an "anti-State, Titoist, Zionist, bourgeois, nationalist group." In aiming at their main target the Russians always try and hit as many subsidiary targets as possible at the same time. The eradication of Titoism was combined with an effort to win Arab support, gain favour with former Nazis in East Germany and provide an excuse for economic failure.

Thus, while American opinion was convinced that the Fields were Communist agents, the Communists were busily asserting that they were anti-Communist agents and presenting them as evidence that American imperialists, working with Titoist traitors, were seeking to overthrow the Peoples' Republics. Another event, which was of a minor character, but was ultimately to lead to an elucidation of the Field mystery, also occurred in 1948. A young Pole, Jozef Swiatlow, belonging to the security police, who had been a political officer during the war in the Soviet-sponsored Kosciuszko division commanded by General Berling, was transferred to Department Ten of the Ministry for State Security. His task was to prepare cases against Wladyslaw Gomulka, former head (Secretary-

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE VANISHING FIELDS

General) of the Polish Communist Party and General Marian Spychalski, former chief of Staff of the Polish Army, who were to be accused of Titoism. This experience to a man who had become a convinced believer in Communist doctrine, but at the same time was a patriotic Pole, proved to be deeply disturbing. He realized that the case he was preparing, and the Rajk case in Hungary and the Slansky case in Czechoslovakia, were all, as he stated later, "organized under Soviet supervision and for the interests of Soviet imperialism." He must also have been personally disturbed by the anti-Semitic aspect of the trials. But he was trapped in his post and so allowed no inkling of his changing views to become apparent.

He rose to the position of Deputy Director of Department Ten. Then with his chief, a Colonel Anatol Fajgin, he was sent on a mission to the Russian Security Chief in East Berlin, a Colonel Milka. They arrived on December 3 last year, translated some documents from Polish into Russian for Milka the next day, and took the wrong underground train on their way back to their hotel. They arrived to their surprise in the Western zone, where they found the shops stocked with goods they could not get in the Communist zone. But their East German marks were not accepted. Swiatlow, seeing how easy it was to get to the Western sector, encouraged his chief to return again on December 5. He found out that Eastern marks could be exchanged for Western. While Colonel Fajgin was in the currency exchange booth Swiatlow fled and sought asylum with the American military police. His information on conditions in Poland was most illuminating, but even more was the light he was able to throw on the Field case.

The State Department had never

accepted the popular view of the Fields' disappearance. When Noel Field's name was brought into the Rajk trial the American Embassy in Budapest asked the Hungarian Government for information about him and his wife and was informed on December 7, 1949, that Noel and Herta Field were not in Hungary. Frequent requests were also made to the Polish Government for information about Hermann Field without success. Swiatlow now disclosed that he had personally arrested Hermann Field at the Warsaw airport. Moreover, prior to the Rajk trial, he had travelled from Warsaw to Budapest to gather evidence for the Gomulka case, with which Noel Field was to be linked. He interviewed Noel and Herta Field separately at the A.H.V. (State Security Authority building). They had, he said, been removed to Hungary shortly after their arrest in Prague. The State Department sent new notes on September 28 this year to both Hungary and Poland, outlining the information which had been received from Swiatlow, demanding consular access to the prisoners and their immediate repatriation.

Swiatlow stated that Hermann Field telephoned to two women from Prague in August, 1949, saying he wished to visit Poland again. The telephone calls were reported to the Ministry of Public Security whose chief, General Stanislaw Radkiewicz, knew that the Hungarians intended to implicate Noel Field in the Rajk trial to be held the following month. President Beirut was consulted and it was decided, on his authority, that Hermann Field was to be encouraged to come to Warsaw, possibly believing that he could be useful in the case being prepared against Gomulka. Granowska, therefore, telephoned to Hermann Field, promised to expedite his visa and invited him to stay with her. It was decided that the

least troublesome way of arresting Hermann Field would be at the airport when he was about to take a Czech plane back to Prague. If he went through the customs he would be officially listed on the plane's manifest as a passenger and there would be no proof that he had actually been detained in Poland. He was therefore escorted to the airport by the two women, who said goodbye to him as he went unsuspectingly through the customs and entered the waiting room. He was then summoned to a small office where Swiatlow was waiting, was arrested and taken to Miedzeszyn prison. He was still there last December when Swiatlow sought asylum in the United States.

Swiatlow had no information about Mrs. Erica Glaser Wallach, but refugees from behind the Iron Curtain stated early this year that they had seen her at Vortuka, a slave labour camp in Siberia. Her husband has received two postcards from her through the International Red Cross stating only that she was well. Inquiries by the American Embassy in Moscow have been ignored. There are still many puzzling

aspects of the case. Swiatlow's theory is that Noel Field was arrested because it was thought he would be useful in the Rajk trial, while the main reason why the Communist high command had the others arrested was that they did not want Noel Field's disappearance to be investigated too closely. There was also a possibility that they too could be exploited in anti-Titoist trials. He doubts that there was any genuine belief that any of them were American agents. Another theory is that the Communists were hopeful that Field would co-operate or at least prove susceptible to brain-washing and testify dramatically at the Rajk trial. Whitaker Chambers's theory that the Fields were held behind the Iron Curtain to prevent them giving damaging information about past Communist espionage has already been noted. The truth may never be known, for though the State Department is acting on the assumption that all three Fields are alive, Swiatlow himself suspects that they may be dead, and they alone could fill in the missing details.

DENYS SMITH.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

IN the November, 1904, number of *The National Review*, an article by Lord Willoughby de Broke, entitled "Fox-hunting from Within," ends with the following words:—

It has been carefully estimated that some millions of pounds are annually spent in this country in direct connection with it (fox-hunting) by its devotees; no elaboration of this point is needed; it is enough to imagine a countryside which had once been a favourite centre, suddenly bereft of the presence of the fox-hounds, and consequent distribu-

tion of wealth and employment . . . in France hunting is a private pastime in which only a very few rich people and their friends, and these only by express invitation, are allowed to indulge; while in the heart of the English people it is still the national sport, receiving as it does the full assent and encouragement of all classes. The loss of its national character would be the greatest blow that it could possibly suffer; it might indeed continue in some districts as the sport of a class, but its principal charm would be gone.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

MELBOURNE TO MADEIRA *

By ERIC GILLET

AFTER a lapse of fifteen years Lord David Cecil has completed his fascinating biography of Lord Melbourne. *The Young Melbourne* appeared in 1939. It is an elegant and intensely readable book. At that time it tantalized because it revealed the possibilities in William Lamb's personality without explaining how he developed into one of the most influential politicians of his time, an individualist, the indispensable mentor of the young Queen Victoria, and a Prime Minister who found time among all the preoccupations of high office to live a full and interesting life of his own. *The Young Melbourne* inevitably throws more illumination upon Lady Caroline Lamb and her husband's patient attitude towards her than upon the public aspects of his life. He was essentially a product of the leisured eighteenth century, which has come to be regarded as a kind of golden age by people who view it through the smoke screen of the great industrial era which it preceded.

The sudden, bewildering change occurred for William Lamb when he took office in Canning's Government in 1827. The post of Chief Secretary for Ireland defeated most of its occupants, but Lamb had the faculty, which has proved such a blessing to many great men, of taking things in his stride. Lord David sums up his gifts in an early paragraph:

But bad fairies, as well as good, came to his christening: and at first it looked as if their gifts were to prove more potent. His disposition was funda-

mentally divided against itself. From his mother, a brilliant and unscrupulous woman of fashion, he had inherited a vigorous animal temperament and a hard commonsense intelligence. But there was another strain in him, a vein of dreamy speculation, a power of warm and sensitive feeling. These two were in conflict. Half eighteenth century man of the world, half romantic philosopher, he found his heart stretching out to an idealism which his reason told him was visionary illusion. And unable to decide which side of his nature to follow, he tended from his early years to relapse into a sceptical uncertainty.

It was this uncertainty which often caused him to do nothing at some critical point, and in the event his inaction seemed often to be justified. It was accompanied by a willingness to make himself accessible to all sorts of people on the most unlikely occasions. He had a genius for being ambiguous, and a mischievous irony which masked an intermittent mystical philosophy. He had not a high opinion of human ability. It was this that made him suspicious of all humanitarians. He

* *Lord M., or the Later Life of Lord Melbourne*. By Lord David Cecil. Constable. 21s.

General Gordon. By Lord Elton. Collins. 25s.

Raffles of the Eastern Isles. By C. E. Wurtzburg. Edited for publication by Clifford Witting.

The Temple Tiger and More Man-Eaters of Kumaon. By Colonel J. Corbett. Cumberlege; The Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

Ionia. A Quest. By Freya Stark. Murray. 30s.

Portugal and Madeira. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Batsford. 18s.

felt that they had only the smallest notion of mankind's gigantic propensity to error. "Try to do no good," he remarked, "and then you won't get into any scrapes." It is only fair to balance this apparently cynical statement with another, so charitable that it reveals, as though by lightning flash, how he became such a notable figure in politics and in life. "The worst of the present day," he said, "is that men hate one another so damnably. For my part I love them all!"

This wide charity was accompanied by a shrewdness which made him employ as secretary Tom Young, a sharp vulgarian whom Lamb met when he was acting as purser in the Duke of Devonshire's yacht. He looked upon Young as his weather gauge, and through him he was able to gather information and impressions of all sorts of dubious importunists who attended his leveés conducted, often enough, when he was shaving.

Lord David makes no attempt to give a full-scale panorama of the political scene. He is a portrait painter and one suspects he is not an admirer of the teeming canvases of W. P. Firth. Fascinated by the interplay of character upon character, he excels in depicting the minutiae of human relations. He establishes, better than it has ever been done before, the nature of the Platonic friendship with Caroline Norton. Some of the best pages in *Lord M.* tell the story of this flamboyant creature and her horrible husband, a creature who was prepared to go to almost any lengths to ensure his own comfort. Norton emerges as a blackmailing scoundrel almost without compunction or natural affection.

It might be expected that the most fascinating and pathetic sections of the books are those dealing with Melbourne's career as mentor to Queen Victoria. A young relation of the

Queen once remarked that she regarded her as a delightful, human, but sometimes severe grandmother, never as a great public personage. The Queen has spoken of herself as having "very warm feelings" and she was fortunate to have as her first Prime Minister a man who enjoyed women's society and found it the most congenial thing in the world to possess the confidence and affection of a young girl, eager and vivacious, who was also his Sovereign.

Lord David's handling of this situation is as sure as it is sensible. He brings out beautifully the idealistic element in Melbourne which enabled him to advise her with tact and integrity and yet to discover, after her marriage, when his close association with her came to an end, that this partnership between them had been the most valuable thing he had ever known. It was no courtier's note that he wrote to her soon after his resignation: "Lord Melbourne will ever consider the time during which Your Majesty is good enough to think that he has been of service to Your Majesty the proudest as well as the happiest part of his life."

He only lived seven years longer. The year after he laid down his office he had a stroke, and although he was socially in great demand and the Queen did what she could to mitigate his loneliness, there was really little that she could do. The final blow came when the Tory Government fell and she did not send for Melbourne. She wrote to explain that she had not called upon his services because she thought his health would not stand the strain. It is certain that he could not have stood the strain of administering a Government, but there is no doubt that he did not at first understand this, and it must have been the final disappointment for him.

Now that the biography is completed it should be published in a one-volume

edition, and before this is done, the errors, grammatical and typographical, which disfigure the text, must be put right. They are not many but they are unworthy of an excellent, sensitive study.

Among the eminent Victorians whom Lytton Strachey exhibited in his famous peep-show, General Gordon has some cause for complaint. Strachey's overwhelming delight in eccentricity led to caricature. He revelled in ludicrous incidents and when he discovered that Gordon drank cognac with pleasure the opportunity was too much for him altogether. A re-reading of the little *Life in Eminent Victorians* alongside Lord Elton's new biography, *General Gordon*, puts this in its proper perspective, and as Gordon's nephew, the late Colonel Moffitt, placed an enormous collection of the General's letters and papers at Lord Elton's disposal before he died, the new book can be regarded as far more authoritative than anything else that has been written about this enigmatic figure.

Gordon was an extraordinary character. Deeply religious in his peculiar way (he was a communicant though never confirmed), tireless in his benefactions to the extent that he sometimes had not enough money to live on himself, consumed by his interest in poor boys and in anyone who was old and destitute, in his professional career Gordon was a difficult man to handle or to place. He was so much of an individualist, and so intolerant of fools, cowards and incompetents, that he must have been an uncomfortable man to command. His own wants were few. In his voluble letters from the Crimea he never once mentioned cold or discomfort. A shower or two of rain are all that he notes. His only reported wants were a new forage cap, a map of the Crimea, and a bottle of Rowland's Odonto, and he insists that

he shall be allowed to pay for them. (This request is heavily underlined.) He showed no fear and would pop out of the trenches carrying a light cane. He carried this afterwards during his triumphant Chinese campaign and it was known to admiring Celestials as his Wand of Victory.

Lord Elton has taken considerable trouble to dissect Strachey's famous description in which Gordon is depicted "seated at a table, upon which were an open Bible and an open bottle of brandy." It seems that it was taken from two accounts written by a most unreliable witness, Chaillé-Long, and Strachey was not content to write "The End of General Gordon" without the embellishment which came so easily to his polished, ironical pen. The "open" bottle is Strachey's contribution to history, and the implication is unjustified. Elsewhere Strachey drew, sometimes inaccurately, on Chaillé-Long's unreliable autobiographies and although the writer was anxious to discredit Gordon as much as he could, Strachey was only able to unearth three ambiguous passages from them. The American Consul-General, describing Gordon in 1876 writes that "his eye was as clear and bright as though he had just come from promenading on the shady side of Pall Mall."

On hearing the news of the final catastrophe at Khartoum the Queen hurried to Sir Henry Ponsonby's cottage a quarter of a mile away, and later telegraphed to Mr. Gladstone her belief that "all this might have been prevented and many precious lives saved." The Prime Minister replied in a respectful seven-hundred word memorandum which John Morley considered to be a vindication of Government policy. It was a verdict that did not coincide with public opinion. The cult of Gordon which followed extended far beyond this country. When Kitchener

received an honorary degree at Cambridge, he was hailed as *Gordonis ultor*. Peace came to the Sudan. Gordon was hailed as a saint and a hero. But Lord Elton is right when he says that he had another quality as well. He places him among the great English eccentrics and he has pointed his argument well in this book.

There is much in *General Gordon* which makes for easy laughter at its remarkable subject to-day. Lord Elton has played fair. He introduces the peculiarities, the enthusiasms, and the bursts of quick fury which Gordon showed without undue emphasis. In places Lord Elton might have delved more deeply. It would have been better if he had given more attention to the scene in which, after all, Gordon was only a figure. These are small defects in an important and necessary piece of research. This biography has long been overdue and Gordon deserved it. The British people are sometimes inclined to ignore uncompromising honesty in a man while he lives. They are usually quick and eager to make amends for their neglect when he is dead.

This is not, however, altogether true of Sir Stamford Raffles, who has never been recognized fully in this country, although the size of his great achievement is understood and applauded in Malaya, and even by the Dutch in Java where his greatest work was done. *Raffles of the Eastern Isles* is a book with a tragic history. Its author, Charles Wurtzburg, was a remarkable man. He worked in business for fifteen or sixteen years in Singapore, where he became an unofficial member of the Legislative Council. His interests were many-sided and foremost among them was his preoccupation with the career of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, who founded Singapore in spite of the fact that many of his

colleagues in the service of the East India Company did what they could to prevent him from doing so.

Years ago Wurtzburg decided to write the authoritative "Life" of Raffles. He did not hesitate to devote time and money to collecting new and unpublished material, and he was especially interested in the Dutch view of Raffles. After all, it was the expedition led by Lord Minto and advised by Raffles which succeeded in taking Java from them, and when they resumed possession they adopted many of the reforms and new laws which Raffles introduced. Wurtzburg hoped to write the biography when he finally retired to England but he returned to take up the post of managing director of a great shipping line in London and his time was limited. He continued to amass material but the War interrupted his work and sent him off, as chief representative of the Ministry of War Transport, to South and East Africa.

At last Wurtzburg was able to begin the first draft of his book, and he set down four hundred and fifty thousand words, covering Raffles's full career before he was attacked by a mortal illness from which he died in April, 1952, at the age of sixty. This draft is extraordinarily comprehensive. It includes valuable new material, and there is a fascinating account by Raffles of a visit to Napoleon on St. Helena. Raffles was an acute observer. Comparing the ex-Emperor to an elderly Dutchman he had met in Java he goes on:

This resemblance struck us all. To be sure, he has not quite so large a belly, but in other points he does not fall short in size. His face is square, his colour sallow, and his eyes jaundiced without reflecting one ray of light. His visage in general was not unlike that of a Brazilian-Portuguese. Though still deficient in animation, his manner was abrupt, rude and authoritative, and the

most ungentlemanly that I ever witnessed. While speaking he took snuff, or rather seemed to take it, for there was none in his box, and altogether treated us in the same manner, as in his worst humour he was wont to do, His Own inferiors . . . this man is a monster, who has none of those feelings of the heart which constitute the real man.

Raffles of the Eastern Isles has been prepared for publication by Mr. Clifford Witting with the advice of Sir Richard Winstedt and others. A biography of seven hundred and eighty-eight pages is a little intimidating in an age which likes its "Lives" to be extremely well-written and carefully selective. The late Sir Reginald Coupland wrote an excellent short monograph, *Raffles of Singapore*, which makes an excellent introduction to Raffles and Wurtzburg's book will stand as the great mine of information about the man. It is an astonishing history of frustration and recovery, of optimism and determination, triumphing over an almost boundless sea of obstacles and personal losses. To anyone who knows the East and especially Malaya, it will prove absorbing.

When Wurtzburg knew that he had not long to live he wrote a note to say that if he succeeded in making available in orderly shape at least the essential parts of the more important British and Dutch documents, without a study of which no biographer, however brilliant, could claim to produce a true portrait of Raffles, he would be content. He managed to do more than this for he has allowed the man to speak for himself whenever possible. The result is a really important book but it is not the authoritative biography Charles Wurtzburg might well have written if he had had the health and the opportunity. As it is, it stands as a memorial to two men who served Singapore in their different ways as well as they could.

The fifth book by Colonel Jim Corbett, the intrepid naturalist and tiger hunter of Kumaon brings him back to his favourite theme. *The Temple Tiger or More Man-Eaters of Kumaon* gives clear proof that Colonel Corbett did not pull all his best stories out of the store first. The supply seems to be inexhaustible and the tigers, leopards, bears and other fauna of the district run true to form and sometimes excel themselves. The Temple tiger proved to the author's satisfaction that some tigers have a sense of humour. The Panar leopard gave him his most gruesome experience. The Chuka man-eater provided him with his most acrobatic shot. But the best story in the book, and as good as anything Colonel Corbett has done, allows him to describe one of his most difficult hunts. His left ear-drum had recently been shattered by an accidental discharge when he set out to trail the Talla Des man-eater. This beast had made a hundred and fifty human kills before Colonel Corbett went after her, and her two cubs.

No one has written of the jungle with more knowledge and affection than Colonel Corbett has shown in his books. *The Temple Tiger* is at least as good as any of his books. It would be difficult to give it higher praise.

It is impossible to compare Miss Freya Stark's method with that of Colonel Corbett since the one is consciously literary and at times reminiscent of Miss Macaulay's approach in her *Pleasure of Ruins* and Colonel Corbett tells his Indian tales with an eye for relevant detail peculiar to the man of action turned writer late in life. This in no sense is a disparaging comment since Miss Stark is very much a woman of action but she has also a literary background, and she seems to be fascinated by relating what she sees to what she read.

Ionia, which she calls *A Quest*, is an account of her travels in Asia Minor, where she explored history as well as geography with Herodotus as her guide. She is explicit in stating that her journey was for pleasure. Beginning with a "Synopsis of History" which, as she thoughtfully remarks, may be omitted by the well-informed, she embarks on a tour of ruins fascinatingly described. She feels that the world has become too full of many things but, as though to make up for this, the immortality of the ancient poets has been lifted out of Time. This is a book of experience blended with assimilated scholarship which will delight many readers and their pleasure

will be enhanced by the magnificent photographs taken by herself which are included as illustrations.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, if less adventurous, is also a cultural traveller, if he will forgive this epithet. *Portugal and Madeira* conjures up the pleasure he took in these places with a sure hand. He delights in architecture and landscape, gastronomy, people and customs, and his book is beautifully illustrated. It is so full of good things that, like Miss Stark's *Ionia*, it should be read slowly and carefully. If this is done the reward of the reader will be rich indeed.

ERIC GILLET.

SANCTITY AND SIXTH SENSE

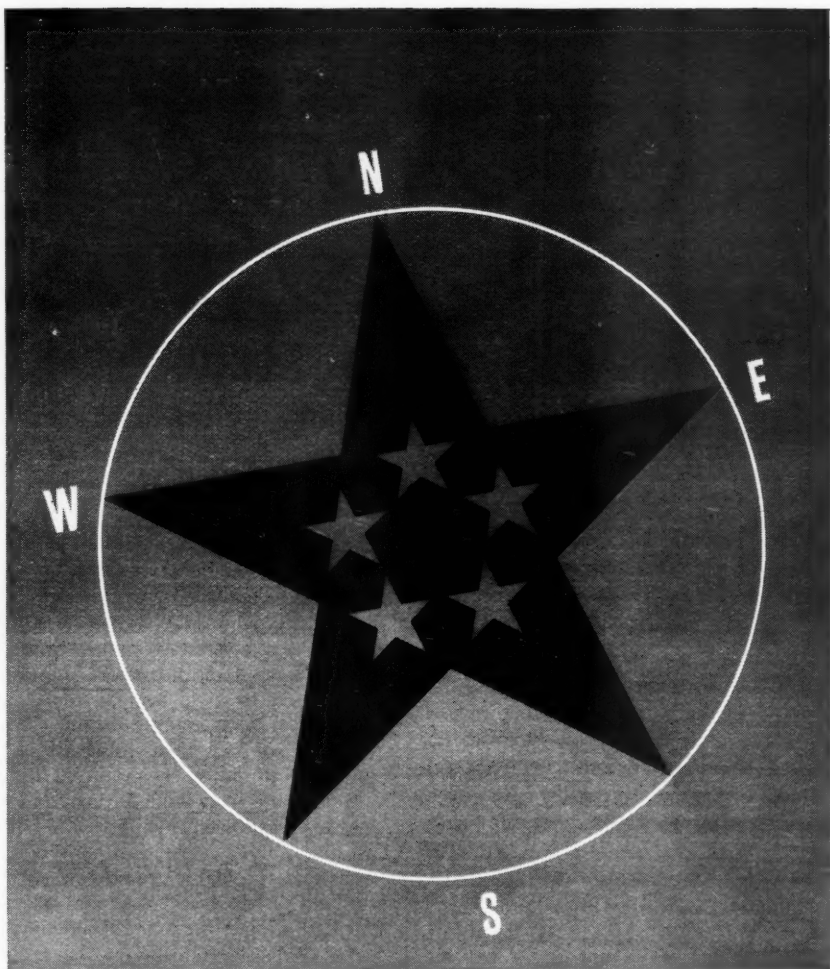
By THE HON. JOHN GRIGG

OUTSIDE the ruined church of St. Clement Danes there stands an imposing statue of William Ewart Gladstone. The place was well chosen, because Gladstone was the greatest exponent of orthodox liberal finance, and it is fitting that he should be seen, as it were, guarding the approach to the City of London. It is also very appropriate that his figure should dominate the Western entrance to Fleet Street, because it was he who, by repealing the paper duty in 1861, enabled a cheap, popular Press to come into existence.

By any standard Gladstone must be adjudged a remarkable man, and by any standard the new *Life* of him which Sir Philip Magnus-Allcroft has written can be adjudged a remarkable biography.* It is full of sympathy and understanding, but it also benefits from a strong infusion of irony and sly

* *Gladstone*. By Philip Magnus. Murray's. 28s.

humour. Sir Philip can see his subject (as Morley could not) in perspective; he can see the ultimate, as well as the immediate, implications of what Gladstone did, and some of his *obiter dicta* are very memorable. But he is never facile or slapdash; his conclusions are reached through the careful accumulation of facts. Indeed, he has been blamed by some critics for introducing into the record too much that is personal and seemingly trivial, but this criticism is surely unsound. "Mr. Lely," said Oliver Cromwell to the painter, "I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts and everything, otherwise I never will pay a farthing for it." By a similar attention and fidelity to detail, however unflattering, Sir Philip Magnus has achieved a convincing portrait of Gladstone.



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GLADSTONE AS A YOUNG MAN

Of all the latter's characteristics the most important was his Christian faith and Sir Philip rightly claims that this was the prime motive and inspiration of his career. In all his actions he obeyed what he believed to be the dictates of his Creator, and he was ever ready to martyrize himself or his party for conscience sake. This was true not only of his public decisions (such as the conversion to Home Rule) but also of his private undertakings. Throughout his life he worked unremittingly to rescue prostitutes from their fallen state and bring them back into the fold. This was dangerous work for a Prime Minister, and it was easy enough for opponents to whisper that the G.O.M. was (as we should say) a D.O.M. Only in 1886, during his third Ministry, were his harassed colleagues able to persuade him to abandon his noble but compromising habit of "street-walking."

Gladstone was fundamentally religious and exceptionally sincere; of that there can be no doubt at all. But Sir Philip Magnus also stresses another

fact about him, which is sometimes overlooked. He was a thoroughbred Scotsman. This helps to explain much in his nature which it would otherwise be hard to understand. It accounts for his fanaticism, his parsimony and his lack of humour (in the English sense of that word). It reveals the special, emotional significance of the Midlothian campaign. He was a Scotsman of the Dispersion, who in 1879 returned in triumph to the country of his ancestors and appealed to the people there with "Celtic intensity". With this in mind, Sir Philip Magnus detects a link between his career and that of Lloyd George. Midlothian, he feels, was the prelude to Limehouse.

Forty years earlier Macaulay had written prophetically of Gladstone:—

... There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and indeed exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. . . . He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import. . . . When propositions have been established, and nothing remains but to amplify and decorate them, this dim magnificence may be in place. But if it is admitted into a demonstration, it is very much worse than absolute nonsense; just as that transparent haze, through which the sailor sees capes and mountains of false sizes and in false bearings, is more dangerous than utter darkness.

Sir Philip Magnus might well have quoted that passage. In reviewing Gladstone's callow work on Church and State, Macaulay not only recognized that he was a man of the future,



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but also anticipated the future in his analysis of the man. He foresaw that Gladstone would bring to English Christianity and English politics a mind which had much in common with a "Scotch mist."

One of the traits which derived from his curious mentality was a tendency to self-deception; another was a marked obtuseness in human relations. This was particularly noticeable in his handling of Queen Victoria. His loyalty to the Throne was absolute and his conception of the Queen's duty as a constitutional monarch was perfectly correct. Perhaps he was right, too, in trying to recall her to a proper sense of that duty during her long period of seclusion after the Prince Consort's death. But he went about his difficult task in entirely the wrong way. He made no concessions at all to the temperament of an unhappy, impulsive, middle-aged widow. Moreover he made the capital mistake (against which a knowledge of history might have warned him) of suggesting that the Prince of Wales should be sent to Ireland as Viceroy. Until the present century every sovereign of the House of Hanover was on principle jealous of the Heir Apparent, and Queen Victoria was no exception to the rule.

The mutual antagonism of Gladstone and Disraeli is a subject of never-failing interest, and Sir Philip Magnus does justice to the theme. He admits that Gladstone had an almost pathological hatred for Disraeli and he suggests that a principal reason for this was the memory of Disraeli's attacks on Peel, of whom Gladstone had been a devoted follower. So it may have been, but it is hard to resist the feeling that Gladstone also secretly and quite unconsciously envied in Disraeli those qualities which he did not himself possess—brilliance, imagination, satirical wit and social charm. If so, his

envy took the form of righteous indignation and moral disapproval, of which indeed Disraeli was not always undeserving. But on the whole Disraeli was the more magnanimous of the two, and at one time he made a generous offer, which was rudely rebuffed, to serve under Gladstone if the latter would rejoin the Conservative Party.

It must be said in passing that the relative merits of these two statesmen are generally misunderstood. It is often asserted that Disraeli was at his best in foreign and Imperial affairs, whereas Gladstone excelled in home affairs. In fact, the reverse is true. Disraeli had a far deeper insight into the domestic problems of England in the industrial age than Gladstone ever attained. As a young man he saw the need for social reform, but Gladstone was blind to that need even in his old age. For this reason he persistently underrated Joseph Chamberlain, and eventually forfeited the Radical leader's support at a time when it was vital to the success of his Irish policy. Disraeli was wiser, too, in his attitude towards the party system. He certainly educated his own party, but he did not believe that a party should be sacrificed to the whim of an individual. He thus devoted his life to rebuilding the Conservative Party and he left it strong and united. Gladstone, who put his own "mission" before any other consideration, left the Liberal Party in fragments.

On the other hand, Gladstone compares favourably with Disraeli in his grasp of Britain's longer-term interests and duties in the world at large. He made, it is true, some very serious mistakes, but he had an awareness of national aspirations, an abhorrence of Jingoism, and a respect for international law, which put him well ahead of his time. Whereas Disraeli was an old-fashioned Imperialist and free-booter, Gladstone foreshadowed the

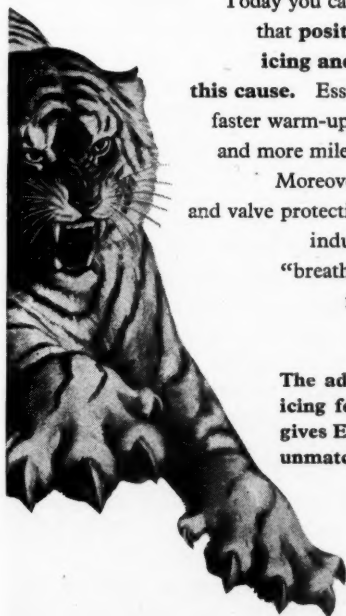
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GLADSTONE IN 1894—FOUR YEARS BEFORE HE DIED.

"Western" ideals of the 20th century—the peaceful co-operation of States in general and the Commonwealth of Nations in particular. He reacted very sharply to any threat to what he conceived to be the Christian community of Europe. He saw danger in Germany's annexation of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871; he told his friend and colleague Lord Granville that this predatory act marked the beginning of a new and unhappy phase of European history. And when, three years before he died, he visited Kiel for the opening of the Canal, and saw the Kaiser sail through the line of German battleships, he was heard to say: "This means war." Others were less prescient.

It is often said that to succeed in politics it is necessary to be a "man of the world," but Gladstone's career gives the lie to this theory. He was unworldly to the point of simplicity—even to the point of sanctity—yet he was

four times Prime Minister of Great Britain, when she was at the zenith of her material power. Of course he had eloquence, magnetism, a fine intellect and immense physical vigour—all useful attributes—but even these are not sufficient to explain his political ascendancy. What, then, was the secret? Sir Philip Magnus gives the clue in a single sentence. "Gladstone's mind was not profound; but it was extraordinarily sensitive." In other words he had that curious and elusive quality, without which no public man can reach the summit; he had instinct, flair, sixth sense. What is more, he was conscious himself of possessing this indispensable gift; he always credited himself with a capacity for "right-timing," and he felt that God had entrusted to him "an insight into the facts of particular eras and their relation to one another." Needless to say, there were many blind spots and his intuition often failed him, but without it he could never have achieved the degree of mastery which he undoubtedly did achieve as a statesman.

There is no denying that sanctity and political sixth sense are in some ways an awkward combination. The saint is governed by first principles and moral certainties; the politician has to deal with everyday problems and expedients. In Gladstone's mind and conduct these two very different categories became confused, and he tended to turn every political question into a transcendental matter, involving on the one hand the forces of Good (represented by himself) and on the other the Powers of Darkness. This unfortunate tendency is well appreciated by Sir Philip Magnus who makes the following pithy comment. "It is a great strength to any man, once he has embarked upon a course of action, to believe that he is executing God's will. It is, however, difficult in such circumstances to do justice to the motives of opponents."

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But when all Gladstone's faults have been duly noted, there remains an impression of superlative, invincible goodness. In spite of all the temptations of power, he never ceased to be a man of conscience, and in spite of certain inhibitions in his nature, he was essentially kind, generous and warm-hearted. When he knew he was dying, and was suffering severe pain, he visited Bournemouth. As he was leaving, a crowd gathered round him and he was moved to utter a brief farewell. "God bless you all, and this place, and the land you love." Those were not the words of a hypocrite or a humbug, but of a brave Christian, a patriot and a lover of mankind. Then as always Gladstone meant what he said, and his was indeed a spirit fit to bestow benediction.

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COLLINS

BURGESSES IN RETROSPECT

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION IN ENGLAND 1604-90. By Millicent Barton Rex. George Allen & Unwin. 30s.

IN 1948 the Socialist Government abolished University representation. It was a shrewd electioneering blow, for their party had yet to win a University seat and the presence of twelve University members, even if many of them were Independent in politics, would not have made the position of the Socialist ministry of 1950-51 any easier: indeed it would almost certainly have made it impossible. So perished the University burgesses, who, alone among British M.P.s, were selected on the calm reasoning of a written address, or by their known reputation, and not on the facile jargon of the hustings.

There ended thus an experiment which had begun in 1604. Professor Millicent Barton Rex has devoted this volume to a history of its first eighty-six years, and it must be said at once that she has done so with exemplary patience and thoroughness. All possible sources have been explored and a wealth of detail has been brought together about the University members of this period. The diligent reader will be told all that can be discovered of the antecedents of each Burgess, of the circumstances of his election, and of his behaviour in the House of Commons—on which committees he sat and how often (if at all) he spoke. In fact Professor Rex has assembled the complete dossiers of our earliest members. Errors are very few, though Grenville on page 137 should be Greville. In her full and extensive bibliography she overlooks the magisterial revision of Rashdall's *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages* by Powicke and Emden. But these are slight faults in a scholarly work, bristling with detailed facts and supported by widespread references.

What can we discover from all this learning? First, we perceive that the reasons behind the establishment of the University seats are still obscure. Admittedly, it was an act of royal prerogative, exercised by Letters Patent and not

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through Parliament. It also seems evident that Sir Edward Coke had a good deal to do with it, and that he envisaged a steady supply of academic lawyers—perhaps even as Edward I had thought to achieve with his more antique summons of 1300. If this was so, expectations were disappointed: the influence of the Court proved more powerful than that of the courts, and for most of the century voters returned one candidate commended by the administration of the day or by the Chancellor, and one more or less local academic figure. Intellectuals of the first order are rare, and although Newton, Selden and Bacon all sat for Universities, it was in each case for one Parliament only (though Newton sat again outside this period). The men who were re-elected were of smaller mould. None the less it emerges clearly that to sit for a University was already regarded as an honour, and professional politicians would juggle with safer seats while hoping to be returned for Oxford or Cambridge.

In truth, however, the number of men with whom we are dealing is small, a few over fifty and spread over four-score years. It seems fairly clear that at no time did they form a significant group, and one wonders how far it is either wise or profitable to generalize about them. Perhaps the most vulnerable part of Professor Rex's work is her tendency to attach statistical significance to any figures that emerge from her analyses of her subject. On the other hand her technique must be applauded when she inserts three chapters, headed "Retrospect" at suitable intervals and summarizes in them what is bound to be a closely packed text. From these the casual reader can swiftly and easily gather the gist of her views and then turn to those individuals or situations which most interest him.

Professor Rex suggests that she has in mind a further instalment of the story, and it is much to be hoped that this is so. For the eighteenth century will offer at least as interesting a field of study and certainly a fuller range of public and private material. In this century, too, the great universities tended to differ in their political align-

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Not so Dumb

ment, and we look to Professor Rex to tell us how truly Cambridge was Whig or how deeply the country gentlemen, who, in the main, sat for Oxford, had espoused the most romantic of all lost causes.

MICHAEL MACLAGAN.

NOT SO DUMB

TALKING TO ANIMALS. By Barbara Woodhouse. *Faber*. 15s.

MRS. BARBARA WOODHOUSE might well have called her book not *Talking to Animals* but *Conversation with Animals*, and what compliment could be more handsome than that? Talking to animals, in the broadest sense of the term, is easy enough. Any fool can do it, and, indeed, the more foolish the person, the longer and more one-sided the unceasing spate of words. Those who love and appreciate the Pekinese, a much maligned breed of dog, have suffered deeply for them while their doting owners have put into their helpless muzzles a wealth of baby-talk nonsense, which, had those owners only eyes to see what is in the sulky, disdainful, expressive Pekinese countenance, bores and disgusts unutterably; but of real communication there is none.

Mrs. Woodhouse is convinced—and her book is convincing though not very well written evidence—that man, could he cast out fear and in all his dealings show love and patience, has it in his power to make animals eloquent rather than dumb friends. There are, however, too many people of both sexes who buy a fashionable breed of dog as they would buy a fashionable make of car, to flatter their vanity, that is, and the casual, kindly condescension which is their substitute for proper training raises barriers which cannot be overcome. "It isn't so much wot 'e says, it's the nasty way 'e says it"—it isn't so much the words that are used to dogs that matter, it is the intonations that can be got into the voice, and how right is Mrs. Woodhouse in insisting that dogs never weary of praise. It is not only with dogs, however, that Mrs. Woodhouse is concerned. In

the autobiographical, as distinct from the explanatory and didactic parts of the book, she recounts her experiences on an Argentine *estancia*, and it was here that she was told the trick of blowing down the nostrils as a way of winning the confidence of an unbroken horse. When this delightful tip was given publicity in a Sunday newspaper the animals of England, not horses alone but quadrupeds from bullocks to cats, were astonished by what seemed an outbreak of mass eccentricity on the part of their owners. They put up with it with the tolerance typical of them, but they must have wondered what it was all about. Mrs. Woodhouse had indeed achieved considerable fame before this book was published. It will not make her reputation as a writer, but it will confirm belief in her as exceptional in her understanding of animals. After all, she even caught foot-and-mouth disease, and no one can do more than that.

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Novels

THE FLINT ANCHOR. Sylvia Townsend Warner. Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.

A PROPER MARRIAGE. Doris Lessing. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

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THE PONDER HEART. Eudora Welty. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

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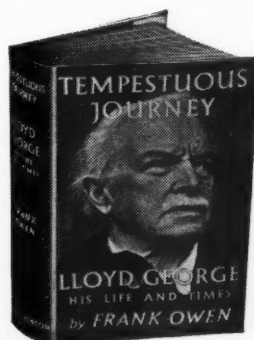
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in the East Anglian sea-coast town of Loseby, covers the period 1810-63, and concerns the life of John Barnard, a wealthy ship's chandler trading with the Baltic. A less skilful writer would undoubtedly have drawn out the story, with its numerous characters and situations, to a wearisome length, but Miss Townsend Warner paints her picture quickly, with grace, assurance, and a minimum of words. She never dwells upon her minor characters, yet they become as alive as the major ones, so that all the time one is aware of a vast teeming life of servants, nurses, and fisherfolk in the background. The theme is the almost idolatrous love of Barnard for his stupid daughter, Mary: a love whose perversity causes much suffering and unhappiness for the rest of his family. Barnard's austerity drives his son, Joseph, to the West Indies, refuses to allow his eldest daughter, Euphemia, to marry the man of her choice, and drives his wife, Julia, to drink after she has undergone a

series of births and miscarriages. He is a perfect example of Early Victorian *pater-familias*, and the flint anchor emblazoned on the front of his prison-like house is symbolic. But in many respects Barnard is a kind man. His kindness, allied to his inordinate passion for Mary, makes him treat Thomas Kettle, the handsome, masochistic young man whom Mary marries, with a depth of feeling he has never shown to his own sons. Miss Townsend Warner's portrait is dispassionate yet sympathetic, tinged with subtle irony, and perhaps the most ironic stroke is when the dying Barnard asks his family to put only his name and "Lord have mercy upon me, a sinner" on his tombstone—a wish which the heartless Mary and her monstrous clerical second husband do not carry out. This is a brilliant novel, and it should immediately send those who do not know the author's work to the enjoyment of her earlier books.

Doris Lessing is the winner of the Somerset Maugham Award for 1954, and *A Proper Marriage*, her fifth book, is a sequel to her last novel, *Martha Quest*. It opens with nineteen-years-old Martha returning, after her honeymoon with Douglas, to the South African city which has been her home since she left her parents' Rhodesian farm. The time is 1939, and the feverish months before the outbreak of war are exceptionally well done, the feelings of young husbands like Douglas and Willie, keen to go to Europe to fight the Nazis, being realistically portrayed. Martha has left-wing tendencies, and Mrs. Lessing is rather prone to allow this to outbalance her descriptions of Martha's life as a young wife in ultra-respectable bourgeois surroundings and her dissatisfaction with Douglas as a husband. Some of the discussions about the colour question and other political factors drag on needlessly; Mrs. Lessing could have made her points more clearly and to better advantage if she had hinged them on to dramatic incidents and allowed the reader to come to his own conclusions. However, the novel is remarkable for its account of Martha's pregnancy and the birth of her daughter, Caroline. Martha

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does not wish to have a child, and when she discovers that she is pregnant, she does her best to have an abortion; then, with feminine capriciousness, she decides to have the baby after all. I have never read anything which brings home the pains of motherhood quite so clearly to the male reader. For this alone the author is to be congratulated. The dialogue and characterization are first-rate, the portraits of Martha's mother and mother-in-law being outstanding. I consider that when Mrs. Lessing has completed the remainder of Martha's story, after she walks out on Douglas, the entire work—a cycle of five volumes to be entitled *Children of Violence*—will be a major work of art.

I wish I could say the same about Thomas Mann's new short novel. It is about Rosalie, a German widow who has had her change of life and then falls in love with Ken, a young American who teaches English in Dusseldorf. Rosalie is so enamoured that she imagines she has had a return of her sexual impulses, she throws herself into Ken's arms, and then has a hæmorrhage, which ultimately leads to an operation and her death. I wonder what Doris Lessing would do with this theme? Herr Mann seems to me to fail completely. The writing is stilted and old-fashioned, and the long, involved Germanic sentences turgid and difficult to read. This, of course, may be the fault of the translation. The scene where Rosalie talks about her climacteric to her crippled daughter, Anna, is not the translator's fault, however, and I found it not only embarrassing but somewhat nauseating. Would any mother talk like this to the daughter whom she knows only too well will never marry? The story is not worthy of the author of *Death in Venice* and *Buddenbrooks*, and I could wish that Herr Mann had rested quietly on his previous laurels.

It was a relief to turn to the gaiety of Eudora Welty's *The Ponder Heart*. This, too, is a short novel, told in a breathless style to an unfortunate commercial traveller who has put up at her small-town hotel by Miss Edna Earle Ponder. A modern Ancient Mariner, Edna Earle relates the life history of her Uncle Daniel, who is so

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kind-hearted that he persists in giving away most of his possessions. "He loved being happy! He loved happiness like I love tea." The story of Uncle Daniel being put in an asylum until he outwits Grandpa Ponder, his first marriage to Miss Teacake Magee, their divorce, and his second marriage to seventeen-year-old Bonnie Dee Peacock, is hilarious reading. The scene in the Deep South courthouse, when Uncle Daniel is tried for Bonnie Dee's murder, is one of the funniest I have read for a long time. These hundred and forty pages have more than their share of verve and gusto, and beneath the seeming artlessness there is great depth and a shrewd eye for human foibles. It is one of Miss Welty's most successful works.

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KATHLEEN FERRIER (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is the memorial volume edited by Neville Cardus. It contains commemorative essays by the editor and six prominent musicians. The proceeds from this moving tribute will go to the Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Scholarships.

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A vous autres une bonne moitié de la gloire was the message sent by Sir John Hunt to the *Forerunners to Everest* (Allen & Unwin. 15s.), of whose two Swiss expeditions to the mountain Messrs. René Dittert, Gabriel Chevalley and Raymond Lambert have written a vivid, straightforward account, well translated by Mr. Malcolm Barnes.

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The British Museum owes its existence more to *Sir Hans Sloane* (Batchworth. 18s.) than to any one else. It was Sloane's bequest that brought it into being, and its foundation dates from the year of his death. Dr. E. St. John Brooks becomes his first full-length biographer in this admirable book.

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The fourteenth issue of *The Saturday Book* (Hutchinson. 25s.), compiled this year by John Hadfield, is an early reminder of Christmas. Boxed, and in charming format, it is at least as delightful and varied as any of its predecessors. It is an answer to the annual problem, "What am I to give them?"

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In *Looking for Elizabethan England* (Macdonald. 18s.) Mr. Raymond Francis has included some of the most delightful illustrations of English houses of the period that I have ever seen printed in one volume. The chapter on Devon is particularly good.

E. G.



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BACKGROUND TO THE WASHINGTON MEETINGS

By DIANA SPEARMAN

THE meetings of the International Monetary Fund and the World International Bank in Washington were this year attended by the Ministers responsible for economic policy in Great Britain and the Dominions, as well as by the United States Secretary of the Treasury. America and the sterling area are in complete agreement that the aim of economic policy must be the expansion of world trade through the elimination of quantitative and exchange control restrictions. The Americans used to regard the inconvertibility of sterling and the consequent discrimination against American goods in the non-dollar world as the great obstacle. Britain, on the other hand, considers that the United States' own commercial policy is a powerful factor in preventing the abolition of artificial restraints on trade. American opinion is now persuaded that a premature attempt to make sterling convertible would be a mistake, but it is as far as ever from accepting the thesis that American economic policy should undergo a fundamental change. Mr. Humphrey, the Secretary of the United States Treasury, said that "the greatest contribution the United States can make to expanding internationally profitable trade is a healthy and growing economy at a high level of activity here in the United States." The rest of the world undoubtedly agrees with this, but would like to add: "but not the only contribution."

There is still an extraordinary contrast between the generosity which the United States have shown in making available large sums by way of grants with no return, and their disinclination to play the role which a creditor nation should play in the world's trade. The United States should pursue a policy similar to that pursued by Great Britain during the nine-

teenth century when she was the great creditor nation of the world. In those days we introduced unilateral free trade and made capital available for the development of what were then the underdeveloped areas of the world. Mr. Butler, supported by the other Commonwealth representatives, said that freer trade with the United States was an essential condition if convertibility were to be successful.

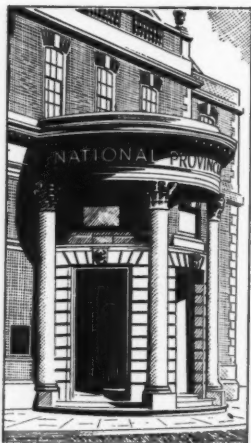
The Americans also have their complaints, as the article by Mr. Michael Hoffman in the current issue of *Lloyds Bank Review* shows. He points out that American business interests are injured by the discrimination against dollar goods in the sterling area, and that they are eagerly awaiting the often promised convertibility which would open these markets.

What in these circumstances can be expected of the United States and of the sterling area respectively? It is easy to make comparisons between the conduct of the United States as a creditor nation and that of Great Britain; but it is also easy to overlook the differences between their circumstances. The United States is a democracy and has to remember the reactions of business men who might be ruined and of workers who might become unemployed through an influx of goods from other countries. Great Britain, during her palmiest days, had to face no foreign competition, and in any case in those days the pressure group had not received the blessing of public opinion. It is unreasonable to expect the United States to reduce duties on imports, but what can reasonably be expected is that these tariffs, which are not really high in relation to those of the rest of the world, should be held at a steady level. Any industry which has managed to break into the American market may at any time find

tariffs raised because it has made inroads on American sales of the same goods. This, of course, makes competition impossible and reduces to nonsense the generally accepted theory of comparative advantage. The most famous example of this is Swiss watches which has caused a not unnatural bitterness in Switzerland. The United States can also be asked to keep the promise made to simplify the structure of their tariff system. It is held by many experts that the complications of this system are a greater hindrance to imports than the height of the duties, and it is said that, on some occasions at least, it has been deliberately used as a protective device.

Now we had better look at the mote in our own eye. No one would deny that if convertibility is to be successful, its introduction must be carefully timed, and that it would be unwise to proceed at the moment when we do not really know whether there is a dollar gap or not. But some of

the fears expressed about it are clearly not related to these mainly technical questions, but are caused by a reluctance to part with the protection which discrimination affords against American goods. It is widely believed that the countries of the sterling area are hungry for dollar goods and that if import quotas were relaxed, United Kingdom goods would not be able to compete in Australia and elsewhere. This seems to be a somewhat defeatist attitude, and in any case it is difficult to demand free trade policies from the United States and to cling to inconvertibility and discrimination ourselves. The problem is further complicated by the position of Canada. Canada is a dollar country and the Canadian dollar is strong; indeed, it is usually at a premium over the American, and it is said that the Canadian garages and hotels now regard it as an amusing joke to refuse to accept American dollars. United Kingdom products enjoy



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preferences in Canada, while currency discrimination against the Canadian dollar is as drastic as against the American. This is not a situation that can possibly be continued with any safety to the Commonwealth, especially as parts of Canadian agriculture—apples, for example—were developed expressly to provide for the English market. DIANA SPEARMAN.

RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

A RECORDED performance of Bach's *D minor Double Concerto* which would, above all, bring out to the full the ineffable beauty of the slow movement, is one of the things we urgently need: but it is, alas, not to be found in the playing of Yehudi Menuhin and Gioconda de Vito (with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Anthony Bernard) on H.M.V. BLP1046. These two fine players have very different styles and perhaps only a miracle could have brought about the spiritual unity of purpose demanded by the slow movement. In case my memory was deceiving me I played the old pre-electric H.M.V. disc made by Kreisler and Zimbalist, and there, even through the roar of surface noise, sounded unmistakably the perfect partnership these two achieved. It is only fair to say that other (and younger) critics have praised the Menuhin-de Vito performance, and certainly the outer movements go well. Unreserved praise can be given to a delightful performance of one of Handel's *Trio Sonatas* (No. 2 in D) on the reverse, in which the players are joined by George Malcolm on the harpsichord and John Shinebourne on the 'cello: but, so odd is musical terminology, the four players do not make a quartet; the 'cello doubles the harpsichord bass, as is historically correct. There are already five recordings of Beethoven's *Fourth Piano Concerto*, not all of which I have heard, but apart from Schnabel's unforgettable interpretation (not yet put on to LP) I should want nothing finer than the new one by Clifford Curzon, with Knappertsbusch most sensitively directing the Vienna

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LIMITED**

Philharmonic Orchestra, and first-rate recording (Decca LXT 2948).

Gerald Abraham once wrote (in his *Studies of Russian Music*) that Borodin's *Symphony in B minor* sounded like a symphonic version of all that was best in *Prince Igor*, made a little better. Much as I love the opera, this is a just verdict as Kletski's splendid performance of the glowing work, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, abundantly shows. By comparison Ippolitov-Ivanov's *Caucasian Sketches* on the reverse sound conventional stuff, but in isolation Kletski's attractive treatment of them renews their life. The recording on both sides is most vivid and lifelike (Columbia 33CX1167).

If we still await a worthy recording of Bach's Double Concerto we need look no further for one of Brahms's *Violin Concerto*, which up to now has proved elusive. The player is a young Hungarian (I believe) Johanna Martzy, and she has the invaluable co-operation of Kletski and the Philharmonia Orchestra. Miss Martzy's tone

is not large, but it is beautiful, and weighty enough where required in a performance that, for once, seems designed for one's room rather than a concert hall. The balance is excellent, the lovely oboe solo in the slow movement a joy; in fact this is a case for superlatives (Columbia 33CX 1165). Superlatives, also, must be applied to Toscanini's recording of Brahms's Third Symphony (F major) with the N.B.C. Orchestra. He gave us in his visit of September, 1952, a wonderful and spacious performance of the work and it is good to have it now in semi-permanent form (H.M.V. ALP1166). Also recommended: Kletski and the Philharmonia Orchestra (once again!) in all of Mendelssohn's incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, vocal numbers included. A very delightful disc (Columbia 33CX1174).

Chamber Music

Record surfaces are still an uncertain factor in many LP's, but Philips seems to have discovered a way of avoiding all the usual troubles. This is again evident in their issue of two *Sinfonias* by J. C. Bach (the "London" Bach), played by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Paul Sacher, who has a real understanding of eighteenth century chamber music. The music is light and most entertaining (Philips ABR 4005).

Prejudice against the string quartet can never be broken down if the tone of the violins—in particular of the leader—is too keen, or even ugly. This does not happen in the fine and well recorded performances of the six quartets of Haydn's Op. 76, which are among his greatest works in this form and a joy from start to finish (Nixa HLP 34-36).

Backhaus, it will be remembered, has been recording the entire series of Beethoven's piano sonatas and now reaches the end of this tremendous task in his playing of Op. 110 and 111. His performances—and the recording of them—have varied and it was a great pleasure to find him at his very best—and how fine that is—in both these sonatas. The recording, in general, is excellent, but it must regretfully be said that Backhaus does not wholly share Beethoven's heavenly

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Record Review

vision in the last movement of Op. 111. All else is there, but not just that unearthly radiance (Decca LXT2939).

Vocal

No aspect of Beethoven's mighty genius escapes Toscanini in his interpretation of the *Missa Solemnis* (with the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, a group of American soloists, and the Robert Shaw Chorale), but one must confess to some disappointment with the recording. The orchestra and chorus come out well, but the soloists (an excellent group) sometimes sound as if on another plane (not a heavenly one), and the *Benedictus* is spoilt by the displeasing tone of the solo violin. Nevertheless this is not an issue to be passed over, I need hardly say, because of a few such blemishes. It must be heard. (H.M.V. ALP1182-3).

Kodaly's *Psalmus Hungaricus*, a fine and moving setting of a paraphrase of the 55th Psalm, is admirably performed by the L.P.O. and choir under Georg Solti, with William McAlpine as tenor soloist. On the reverse there is a Set of Variations on a Hungarian folk song, *The Peacock*, new to me and full of invention and beautiful sound (Decca LXT2878).

Maria Callas has told the world, it is reported, that she is the greatest living soprano. One does not argue with prima donnas but certainly she is a remarkable artist with an unpredictable voice. It can be ravishingly beautiful or just plain ugly, and everything in between. This perhaps makes her performances all the more exciting for some people; but even her most severe critics must be conquered by the beauty and pathos of her *Voi lo sapete* and her radiantly fresh singing of the *Easter Hymn* in the new recording of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Among the cast are Canali, di Stefano and Panerai; and Serafin with the Scala Orchestra and chorus directs a performance which is vital but never vulgar. I like it the best of the three we have had: and it should be noted that the second side of the second disc is left blank, with a consequent lowering of price and no possibly unwanted coupling (Columbia 33CXS51182, CX1183).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

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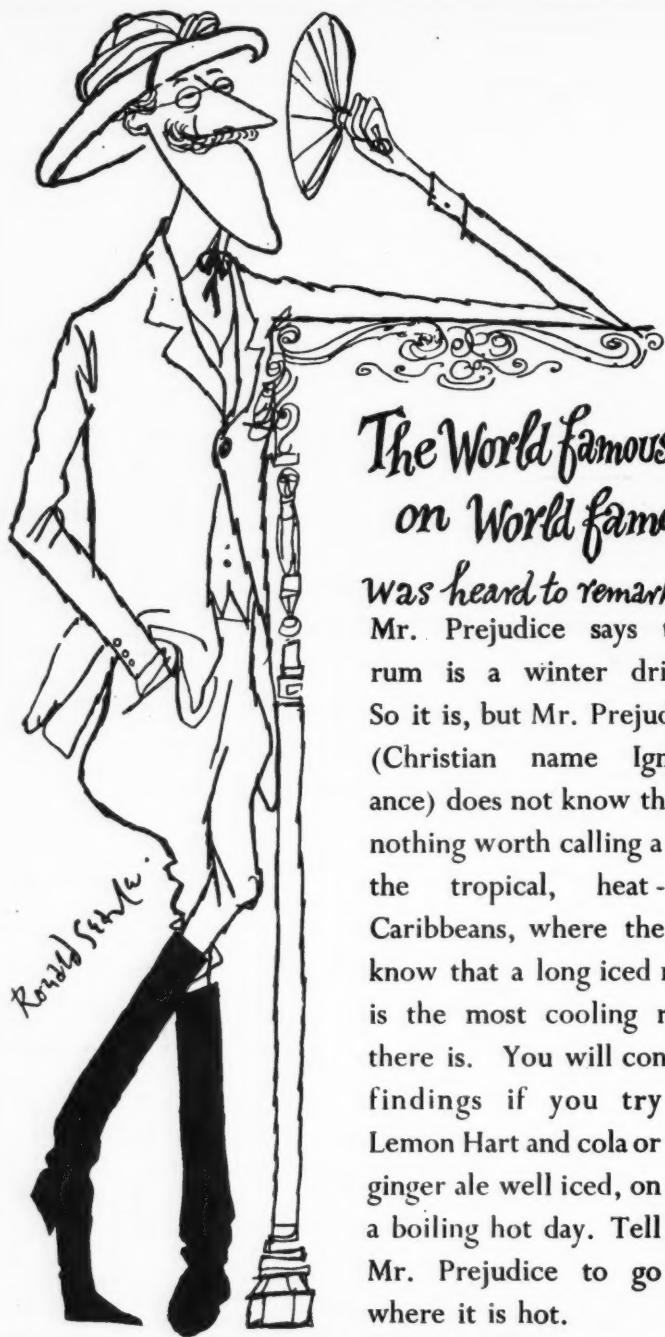
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